The Outlook

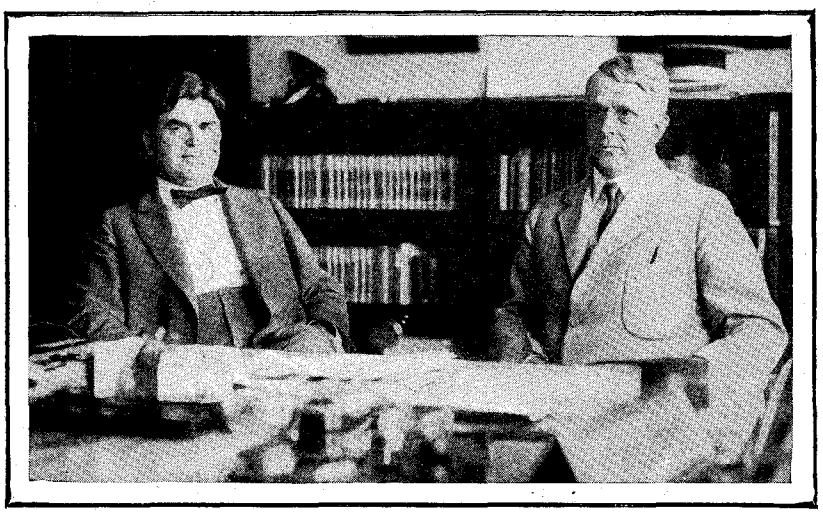
JULY 12, 1922

THE COAL CONFERENCE

ONE strong reason for believing that the coal conference called by President Harding, assembling as we write, will bring results is that results simply must be had. For three months workers and operators have debated without a sign of settlement. Already danger is in sight. In the anthracite industry a coal shortage and sustained high prices in the fall are all but certain—and, although the hard-coal industry is small as compared with the soft-coal industry, it comes close to the comfort and the pockets of millions of consumers. In this field hardly a ton has been mined since April. In the bituminous field the non-union miners have produced considerable quantities, but the total output does not begin to meet the need, and the surplus supplies are dwindling fast.

It was proper that time should be given for peaceful adjustment of this deplorable industrial war by the contending forces before the President intervened. He was not to assume that a business bargain could not be reached. In the great coal controversy of 1902 President Roosevelt did not act until the strike had been under way for several months. When he did move, he acted with power, directness, and the clear declaration that if the conference didn't settle the trouble he would. Now the time has come in this fight for the Government to intervene and to demand and get results. President Harding, Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce, and Secretary Davis of the Department of Labor will doubtless not merely urge action on the fifty or more representatives of miners and operatives now in conference, but require action.

It is gratifying to note that President Harding and his advisers even before the conference met set forth in a determined way their belief that the conference should not merely arbitrate on the claims and counter-claims of miners and operators, but should provide a permanent way of avoiding such conflicts in the future. In concrete form this means some plan to get at the actual causes of the trouble. In the larger field, that of the soft-coal industry, practically every one recognizes that the basic trouble is over-production, the existence of too many mines, and the employment of many thousand more miners than are needed to supply the country. A semi-official statement from administrative sources says that forty per cent more people are engaged in the mining industry than would be needed if every miner were guaranteed regular employment through the year and that hundreds of mines are in operation which cannot be worked economically. In the hard-coal industry the miners should recognize the need of reduction in wages under the reduced cost of living, while the operators should recognize the force of the miners' demand for regular instead of spasmodic employment and the consumers' demand that the question of profit and distribution as well as of operation should be gone into thoroughly by Governmental authority.



JOHN L. LEWIS (LEFT), PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS, IN CONFERENCE WITH SECRETARY OF LABOR DAVIS AT WASHINGTON

REDUCING A LAW TO ABSURDITY

ON the last day of June New York Harbor witnessed a scene which furnished very adequate proof of the absurdity of our present Immigration Law—a law which limits the admission of aliens to a certain proportion of the numbers of their own nationality now resident in the United States. If the scene had not been a real tragedy, it would have evoked laughter, loud and prolonged.

The fiscal year for the immigrant allotments ended on June 30. On that evening twelve steamships loaded with immigrants lay outside the harbor waiting to dash across the line at midnight. This race was caused by the fact that the quota allotted to some countries is so small that the passengers of a single steamer might fill it to overflowing. Then the steamer which lost the race might be subject to fine for importing immigrants in excess of the allowed quota and liable to be forced to pay for their deportation expenses. The desirability of the immigrants in the second steamer of course would not enter into the matter at all. It is a case of first come, first served, the last to be served and considered, apparently, being Uncle Sam himself.

The situation was further complicated by the fact that New York City is on a Daylight-Saving schedule. The Federal Government, however, recognizes no such device for shifting the habits of mankind. Some of the steamers were advised to enter the port on Daylight-Saving time, while others waited for the old-time midnight. This discrepancy of opinion will apparently afford enough basis for argument to keep both sea and land lawyers occupied for a longer period of time than the Daylight-Saving schedule has salvaged for all the inhabitants of the metropolis.

A CRUSADER DEPARTS

"PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON, perhaps the most picturesque and certainly one of the most effective leaders in the prohibition movement, has recently sailed for England. He departed on a British ship because he preferred to sail on a vessel which sold liquor legally than on a liner of the United States Shipping Board, which justifies the sale of liquor

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on what is at best nothing more than a legal quibble.

An interview with Mr. Johnson appeared in the New York "World" on the day of his departure. The "World," as every one knows, is not particularly partial to prohibition. In fact, some of its readers have suspected that its editors might even be willing to see the Eighteenth Amendment repealed. However that may be, they can certainly find food, or perhaps drink, for thought in some of Mr. Johnson's statements which appeared in their journal. Mr. Johnson is quoted as saying:

> If the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment had started to advocate beer and light wines ten years ago, instead of last year, I think that the United States would still have them. The brewers did themselves in. The drys originally advocated beer and the first State laws permitted it. But the brewers owned the saloons that sold the whisky, and so the brewers were the people the drys had to fight.
>
> The distillers, in my opinion, were a decent bunch. It was the brewers who played dirty politics and ran immoral resorts. For that reason the Anti-Saloon League had to clean up the brewers. If we could have trusted them we might have let beer and natural wines alone.

Mr. Johnson continues:

> If these personal liberty howlers and moderate drinkers can work out some system by which the liquor traffic can be controlled and not prohibited, I will listen to them. But I have been in this business for forty years and I have never seen a successful system that stopped short of absolute prohibition.

In these two statements can be found the chief reasons why the United States is to-day a prohibition country.

The manufacturers of alcoholic drinks did little or nothing to eliminate the gross evils of the traffic by which they profited. The moderate drinkers hardly lifted a finger to curb the insatiate greed of the liquor trade.

There is one more statement in the "World's" interview with Mr. Johnson which should be taken to heart by those who fear that the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act will be followed by other analogous restrictions upon smoking, dancing, and sport. There are men and women in the prohibition movement who do believe in such restrictions as Mr. Johnson points out, but he also gives the reason why their views cannot and should not prevail. He says: "I've never heard of a man coming home from a dance and chucking his baby out through the transom or of a man suddenly deciding after his fifth cigar to wipe his shoes on his neighbor's mustache, or of a baseball man saying it with flatirons to his wife."

A CALVINIST HONORED BY JEWS

WHEN recently Bishop Dezsö Baltazar, the head of the Protestant Church in Hungary, came to this country, his warmest reception was from Hungarian Jews. The reason of this is that in Hungary he stands for scholarship and the brotherhood of man, and not for race or religious prejudice. The great college at Debreczin, in Hungary, over which he presides—a Calvinistic college in its origin, as we understand—is open as freely to Jews as it is to Protestants, and is a center of liberal thought as well as of scholarly and literary culture. An American Jew tells us that this is the only college in Hungary where Jews are on equal terms with others in law, theology, literature, journalism, and business. The college has had some five thousand students. There is danger now that it may be closed under the stringent conditions and deprivations of life in Hungary to-day. Therefore Bishop Baltazar visits this country in order to obtain aid for his great educational work.

A Hungarian journal in New York prints in English a welcome to the Bishop from Dr. Samuel Buchler, President of the Federation of Hungarian Jews in America, who goes so far in his title as to call Dr. Baltazar "the first honest visitor," a reflection on the Hungarian political propagandists who have flooded America with appeals for sympathy in behalf of Horthy, the would-be radical dictator.

When Louis Kossuth visited the United States nearly seventy years ago, he was hailed by Americans and by the American Congress, not only as a statesman, educator, and poet, but as a friend of the democratic world spirit. He swore that he would never tread on Hungarian soil as long as a Hapsburg ruled. Now the Hapsburgs and what they stood for have departed, and Americans may rightly remember that our Congress promised Kossuth to aid the Magyars if the time came when they could free themselves from oppression. Bishop Baltazar, who now visits us, is, like Kossuth, educator, statesman, and poet, and, like Kossuth also, is an idealist. His college carries on traditions for culture a thousand years old and a literature much of which, and especially the works of the versatile and brilliant Maurus Jókai, has been translated into many languages. To aid this venerable and valuable institution to continue its work is a privilege which doubtless many Americans will gladly exercise.

FINGER-PRINTS IN ART

IF the lawsuit now said to be impending over the genuineness of a certain ancient painting ever comes to trial, it bids fair to be both unique and amusing. It is proposed to apply the modern finger-print test to a canvas which either was or was not painted by Leonardo Da Vinci almost four hundred years ago.

The history of this odd case, in brief, is that Madame Andrée Hahn possesses a painting which she declares is the original or a replica (not a copy) of Da Vinci's "La Belle Feronnière." She brought it to America two years ago, and almost sold it to the Art Institute in Kansas City; $500,000 was the price proposed.

Unhappily for the sale, Sir Joseph Duveen, English art dealer and expert, saw this painting in New York and, so at least the story goes, declared offhand that it was not the work of Da Vinci and that the familiar painting in the Louvre was the only original of "La Belle Feronnière."

Now Madame Hahn naturally considers herself deeply injured in dollars, as well as in feeling, at this aspersion, and is suing Sir Joseph for damages. She proposes to prove her case by the Bertillon system of finger-prints. She and her experts allege that Da Vinci was always accustomed to use his thumb and little finger in finishing a picture, smoothing down this bit or smudging that bit. She alleges also that in original Da Vinci masterpieces these finger-print marks are perfectly visible, and, while they can be, and probably have been, imitated, the imitation would not extend to the whorls and characteristic lines which make the imprint of one person's finger absolutely different from that of any other person.

This is a delightful theory, and for the sake of romance we hope that it is true. At all events, the press reports that Europe is now being scoured by little bands of microscopists, finger-print experts, and photographers, some of whom are acting for the plaintiff and some for the defendant in this case. The outcome as it might appear in a cross-examination in a court-room would be something that only our friend Mr. E. V. Lucas could deal with adequately.

It is only fair to present the other side of the interesting discussion as told to a reporter by one of Sir Joseph's lawyers. He says:

> Of course any hope of Mme. Hahn to prove that hers is the original "La Belle Feronnière" by trying to show that the finger and thumb prints on her painting are identical with those on other and proved Da Vincis is absurd. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the master did thumb and

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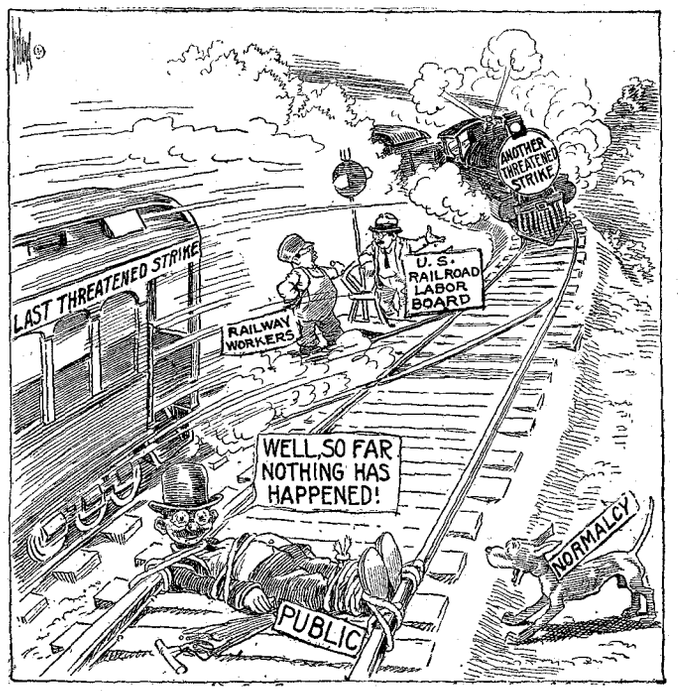
NOW ALL LABOR MARS WHAT IT DOES

(Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Scene 14)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



WILL OUR LUCK HOLD OUT?

From D. E. Bowen, Columbus, Ohio

Knott in the Dallas News

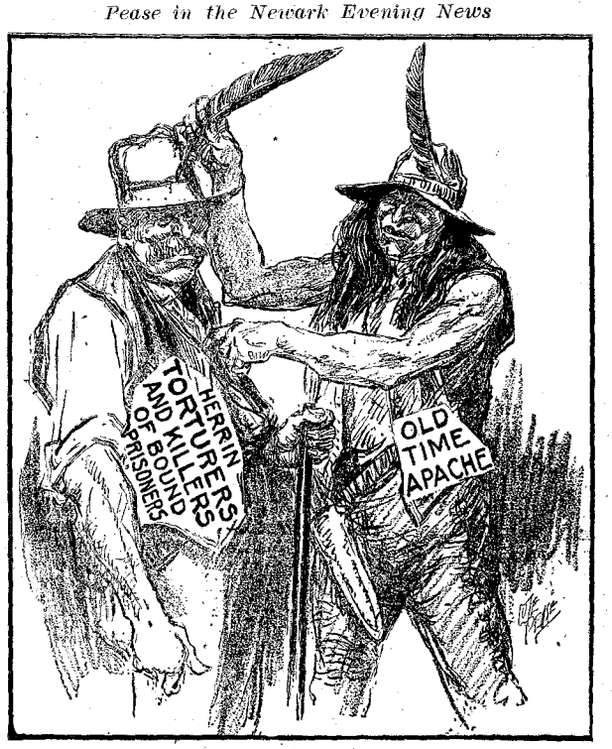
NOT 'TOTIN' FAIR!

Bushnell in the St. Petersburg (Florida) Times

THE POISONED ARROW

From H. R. Olney, Tarpon Springs, Florida

Pease in the Newark Evening News



"BROTHER!"

From the Rev. H. A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

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finger his paintings. What of it? Why, he died in 1519, and every one of his canvases has been retouched and varnished and wear-proofed any number of times. Do you think there is anything left of his original finger-prints? Nonsense!

Besides, the Court might insist that the originals be produced here in New York during the trial. Now, I leave it to you, isn't it absurd to consider for a moment that any such thing could be done?

This is all very well, but what every one wants is to have the trial first and the argument afterwards. We hope that no mere scientific technicalities will stand in the way.

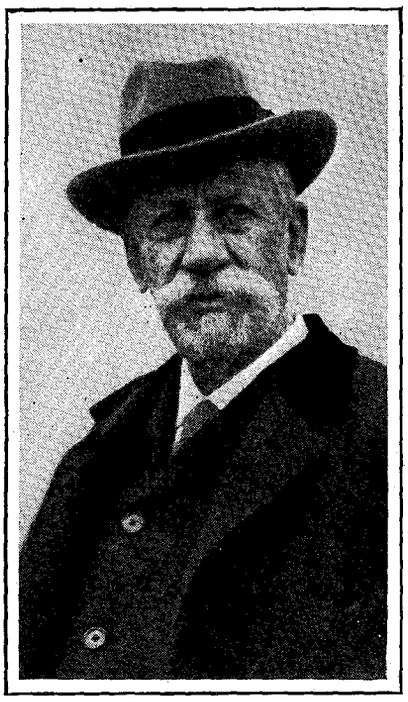
A PRINCE-SCIENTIST

PRINCE ALBERT of Monaco was a scientist of distinction. To most readers the name Monaco calls forth a picture of the great Monte Carlo Casino, which is the best-known and probably the largest gambling establishment in the world. The Prince of Monaco, who has just died at the age of seventy-four, had nothing to do directly with Monte Carlo. The lease under which it is carried on was originally made before he ascended the throne of the smallest independent sovereignty in Europe—it contains about eight square miles. It may be that this lease has been renewed since Prince Albert's reign, but otherwise he apparently took no interest in the matter. It is true, however, that not only the expenses of the Government of Monaco come from this source, but also, directly or indirectly, the income of many of its charitable activities. Prince Albert's ancestors have ruled since the year 968.

The scientific field in which the Prince of Monaco was chiefly interested was that of oceanography. He built several beautiful yachts one after the other, which he has employed in deep-sea dredging and exploration. The result has been many discoveries of positive interest to scientists and a great deal of light and information as regards deep-sea problems. He was also much interested in palæontology.

The Prince's interest in science has been shown in another way—that is, by the founding of the Oceanographic Museum at Monaco, which contains one of the finest aquariums in the world, with many adjuncts for the study of sea life. The other is a similar institute situated in Paris close to the Sorbonne, and of great service to students of this branch of science. In the World War Prince Albert was loyal to the Allies; thousands of American wounded soldiers recuperated at his private estate in Monaco.

The Prince of Monaco has visited this country three times and has been received with high honor as an investigating naturalist and a man whose work in his chosen field has been thorough, and even extraordinary. When Prince Albert was here in 1913, a writer in The Outlook who met him described him as an agreeable, cultivated man, having the unostentatious behavior of a scholar and notable for "his democratic simplicity and his complete lack of self-consciousness and egotism."



PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO

THE OBSERVATIONS OF A CORRESPONDENT IN THE FAR EAST

WITH American flags tied to their luggage and with two American marines sitting in the baggage car watching their trunks, Isaac F. Marcosson, one of the best known of American correspondents, and Ray Atherton, First Secretary of the American Legation at Peking, made their way out of Peking through the zones of the armies which were then engaged in civil war in China. Mr. Marcosson had been spending about five months in the study of economic and political conditions in China and Japan. He has now returned to this country.

In an interview printed in a recent issue of the New York "Times" Mr. Marcosson has reported some of the conclusions he has reached as a result of his observations in the Far East.

In part at least as a consequence of the Washington Conference, Japan, he thinks, has changed her policy toward other countries, including China. This change he characterizes as a "right-about-face." And he considers it not merely an outward change, but a "change of heart." Japan, he is quoted as saying, "has discovered that her policy of aggression and forceful penetration is a huge mistake. Had she continued as before, she would have been internationally isolated so far as world friendship is concerned." As a consequence of the Washington Conference, she has found it impossible to continue her old policy of corruption and intimidation in China, and is now seeking China's friendship. As evidence of her new policy, he cites her withdrawal from Shantung and her professed determination to withdraw her troops from even Manchuria and Siberia. Mr. Marcosson was struck by the undoubted growth of liberalism in Japan, and found that that growth had been greatly helped by the Washington Conference. Moreover, he has become convinced that the economic situation in Japan has made it impossible for Japan to pursue successfully an aggressive policy, for Japan's economic resources would not permit her to wage war on the modern scale, and the serious economic crisis which Japan is approaching engages her whole attention. Indeed, in this respect the Washington Conference had good effect, for, by relieving her of a naval programme beyond her fiscal resources, it really saved her from national bankruptcy.

These conclusions are not those of a sentimentalist, but of a practical and experienced observer who has been able to see the way in which Japan's legitimate self-interest as well as the idealism of a large part of her people is guiding her toward a policy that means the welfare of other nations as well as her own and toward peace in the Pacific.

China, too, has been benefited by the Washington Conference, and is consequently grateful. The fighting in the civil war there Mr. Marcosson describes as noisy but not deadly. Dr. Sun he regards as a visionary who has now the opportunity to make the sacrifice he said he was willing to make for the unification of China. General Wu Pei-fu Mr. Marcosson regards as "a strong and commanding figure, and that rarest of all Chinese specimens, an honest official." Because government as such in China has been a joke for so long, any prophecy about China is futile, he thinks; but he ventures the opinion that the "unification of China will be a slow process because of the endless jealousy and corruption." He believes that Americans have an opportunity in developing trade in China which they are not availing themselves of because the right kind of agents are not sent there to get the business. He believes

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SENATOR P. J. MC CUMBER

LYNN J. FRAZIER

that the China Trade Act and the existence of an adequate merchant marine enable the United States now to compete in the Far East with other nations on a better basis than ever before.

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN DEFEATED—BY A REPUBLICAN

SENATOR PORTER J. MCCUMBER, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has failed of renomination in the Republican primaries of North Dakota. The nomination has been won by Lynn J. Frazier, a follower of Townley and former Non-Partisan League Governor of North Dakota, who was recalled from office last November. That the defeat of Senator McCumber does not imply a complete victory for the Non-Partisan League is shown by the fact that the present Governor of North Dakota, Mr. R. A. Nestos, was renominated in the same primary election in which Senator McCumber went down to defeat. Governor Nestos is an Independent Republican who is an opponent of Townleyism.

Senator Ladd, Republican Senator from North Dakota, a Non-Partisan Leaguer, comments upon the defeat of his colleague in the following words:

> With the passing of P. J. McCumber from the Senate the Northwest loses the chairmanship of the great and powerful Finance Committee, an ardent protectionist and a stanch, uncompromising Republican of the old school. With the coming of Lynn J. Frazier North Dakota sends to the Senate a thoroughly progressive Republican of the modern school, a man who has gained and holds the confidence of the common people of the State as few men can do, a man thoroughly trained and seasoned in administrative affairs, and who, I predict, because of his wide acquaintance with the needs of the farmers and laborers of the entire country, will exert a strong influence for good legislation through the agricultural bloc.

Some of the measures which Mr. Frazier supported as Governor certainly are beyond the scope of what is generally accepted as progressive Republicanism. Among such measures may be included those guaranteeing bank deposits, providing exemption of farm improvements and of small city homes from taxes, and requiring dealers to carry a full line of repairs for all machines sold in North Dakota. Senator McCumber's defeat has been variously attributed to his position in favor of the bonus, to his prominence in framing the high tariff bill now before Congress, and to his support of the seating of Senator Newberry; but it probably is due chiefly to the fact that he neither went far enough in radicalism to suit the Non-Partisan League nor opposed radicalism strongly enough to satisfy the more moderate wing of his party.

IDEALISM AND THE POLITICAL MACHINE

GIFFORD PINCHOT, the Republican candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania, is a representative idealist in politics. It may be said that he is in a sense a practical idealist, because he has brought things to pass for the welfare of his country. But he would be the first to acknowledge that he is far removed from an experimental mastery of political mechanics. And from now on, in his career in Pennsylvania, he is sure to be face to face at every stage with the problem of the political machine. Cameron is gone and Quay is gone and Penrose is gone, and the machine is shaken, but it still exists, and the regular voting psychology of Pennsylvania, which is the support of the machine, still exists. As we see it, the problem of Gifford Pinchot is to manage his idealism in terms of political organization.

Since the recent primary the old order has shown its hand and power by electing a chairman of the State Committee who was opposed by the new candidate for Governor. Very likely Mr. Pinchot is wondering why the Pennsylvania Republican machine should act in such a fashion and at the same time highly resolve to help to elect him Governor in November. Perhaps he is inclined to suspect the Greeks bearing gifts. It may be, however, that these seemingly irreconcilable attitudes are entirely understandable and consistent. As conditions stand in the country, the Republican machine will have little stomach for defeating Gifford Pinchot. We regard his election as assured by a large majority after the vigorous campaign which he is capable of making. And the machine will help. But the machine, like the king, never dies. The machine is dead; long live the machine! is the continuing psychology of the regular political organization. The machine was beaten this year in Pennsylvania, badly beaten. But there are other years and other campaigns. And it is the psychology of political regularity always to keep the machinery intact in preparation for a turn in fortune. This explains, we think, why the Pennsylvania politicians did not with docility turn the organization over to Pinchot. It does not mean at all that they intend to knife him at the polls. They are holding on to the State Committee, for which Pinchot did not fight in the primary campaign, hoping for a better day.

The people of Pennsylvania and of the country expect Gifford Pinchot to continue to be an idealist. He has a great task to perform in aerating the political atmosphere of Pennsylvania and of reconstructing its governmental life. He cannot spend his time in petty stratagems and spoils. He is not the natural heir of Cameron and Quay and Penrose in the mastery of the machine. But we are anxious to see, and we expect to see, him temper his native idealism with practicality in the great work upon which he has now entered. His course in Pennsylvania will be imitated all over the country. His practical success will mean much to political progress in the United States. A political machine is never altogether bad. Sometimes it

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comes nearer to being altogether good than some reforming coteries. In Pennsylvania the machine has had a tainted history. But the new Governor will undoubtedly find great sections of it which are sound at heart and wish to do right. Those sections of the machine, we think, he should cultivate and strengthen as the Governor of a great State has opportunity to do, and at the same time inspire them with a measure of his own idealism and vision. If a large section of the regular organization looks to the Governor as leader, even though it may be a minority section, it will be a controlling power. The majority will gradually come to follow on, and the minority will eventually become the majority.

We hope, and expect to see, Gifford Pinchot governing Pennsylvania with practical idealism, subduing the machine slowly by practical wisdom. The regular party organization has a function in American affairs, else it would not be so tenacious of life and influence. We are living in a period when more is to be gained by attempting to mold it than by attempting to wreck it. The great Roosevelt revolt in 1912 was like an earthquake, shattering the thickened crust of reaction in party affairs. It was a very necessary earthquake. Now we think the time for construction has come.

DYNAMITE

fish traps, seines, lime jugs, these were the conventional tools of the Alabama miner or farmer who wanted to get fish a few years ago. The result was to be found in fishless lakes and sterile streams. The dynamiter and the seiner have not been wholly eliminated from Alabama; they are to be found there just as they are to be found in other States. But the people of Alabama have waked up to the abuse of their waters. The fight to educate Alabama started with the election of John H. Wallace to the Legislature some twelve years ago. It received a powerful impetus when an editor of the Birmingham "News" went fishing in a fishless stream in 1921. The story of what the sportsmen of Alabama have accomplished since that time is graphically told

By

GARRARD HARRIS

in a forthcoming article entitled

Alabama Goes Fishing

THE THREATENED RAILWAY STRIKE

AS they left the city for four days of vacation over the Fourth of July, many people on Friday, June 30, undoubtedly wondered how they might have to manage in order to find their way back. When they left, trains were running as usual; but they had some reason to fear that four days later passenger train service might be at the best irregular. They had read about the strike of four hundred thousand railway shop workers which according to the votes of the men involved was to begin at ten o'clock on the morning of the first of July. They had read of the proposal that men engaged in the work of maintaining railway tracks in good order should also strike. They had read also of the threatened strike of other groups of railway workers. Other people not planning to leave the city had read of the preparation made by the authorities of the city and the State, and even of the Nation, to substitute for the possible suspended railway transportation other means of getting food into the city. If there was little evidence of alarm at the prospects of the strike, it was probably due to the strong hope, if not expectation, that the strike would be averted, or at least that the walk-out of men not actually engaged in the operation of trains would have little, if any, effect upon the train schedules. Nevertheless the fact that the people of the Nation have been thinking of the discomfort, the injury, the possible disaster of a Nation-wide strike of railway workers has made all sorts of people wonder again whether it will always be necessary for industry, especially the business of maintaining and operating the steel highways of the Nation, to be carried on as if it were a species of war.

Those who had believed that as long as train crews kept on their job the railways would remain running were perhaps forgetful of the fact that the men in roundhouses and on the rights of way and in the signal towers are really quite as essential in the operation of a railway as those who drive or fire the engines or those who collect the tickets or those who care for the train. It is true that the brotherhoods of engineers, firemen, and trainmen had made no plans to strike; but they had received orders that their members were not to do any of the work that was to be abandoned by the shopmen. That meant that they were not to move or even clean engines or couple or uncouple cars that had been left by train crews after the day's run. The public which uses trains but knows little about them had not perhaps sufficiently realized how complicated the operation of a railway is and how the different parts of the process of railroading depend on one another. It takes its railways, as it does the tides or the winds of heaven, very much for granted.

Indeed, the public has to take the railways for granted. Under modern conditions of life it can hardly do otherwise. Not even at the height of the war in Europe was life more thoroughly disarranged than when the normal train service of France was suspended in order that the railways might be used exclusively for mobilizing troops. In this respect a really complete strike on the railways of this country would be as upsetting and demoralizing as the beginning of a war.

Concerning the merits of the dispute which led to the strike vote of the railway men during June the public has no adequate means for forming a judgment from first-hand acquaintance with the facts. Concerning these facts it has not been and cannot be fully and authoritatively informed by the press. Fortunately, it does not need to be. The American people, through their National legislative body, have constituted a tribunal for the determination of just such issues. The Railroad Labor Board has been fully informed by hearings of the need of the railways for a reduction in their costs, and specifically a reduction in the cost of labor, and, on the other hand, the demand of employees for a wage that will enable their families to live according to American standards The Railroad Labor Board has approved a reduction of wages for certain classes of employees. Those who protest against this reduction declare that it means that in some cases a man will be forced to try to support his family on eleven dollars a week, and that, contrary to public policy, to the interest of the wage earners, and even to Governmental authority, some railways have let contracts to private concerns for the repair of their rolling stock instead of making repairs in their own shops. Into such questions we are not called upon to go. The Railroad Labor Board, constituted for the very purpose of settling such questions, has made its decisions. It is the prime interest of the public to insist that the railway employees and the railway managers alike conform to the decisions made by the Railroad Labor Board within its lawful jurisdiction. It is only by constituting some such au-

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thority over both the managers and the employees and then by supporting that authority with all its might that the public can prevent its highways from becoming the "no-man's land" of an industrial war.

Naturally, the men who have been subjected to the disagreeable experience of having their wages reduced are going to voice their objections. Nobody can blame them for objecting. But they should not be allowed to make their objection in the form of a strike that will paralyze any part of the essential transportation system of the country. A strike of that sort is not a strike against the managers primarily. It is a strike against the authority of the Railroad Labor Board, and therefore against those whom that Board represents—the people of the country. The men have a right to appeal to the courts and to public opinion; but they ought not to be given the privilege of conspiring to undermine the authority of the tribunal which the people have established for their own protection.

Men of the railway unions, moreover, should come to realize that hardship is not of itself a justification for a strike. They must realize that the whole country is passing through a period of deflation, and that it can pass through that period successfully only as people generally accept their share of it. If the railways, in "farming out" contracts for repair work, have violated an agreement or have adopted a policy disapproved by competent authority, they should be made to observe their obligations in good faith. In farming out these contracts, it is argued, the railways have simply taken measures to prevent waste and needless expense, and to this extent are contributing to the process of deflation. To a large extent, however, it is reported, the railways have shown a willingness to abandon the practice and to do all possible repair work in their own shops. If, nevertheless, the railway shopmen must find jobs elsewhere or must accept reduced wages in their present places, they may have to accept the hardship as part of the process of deflation which the country at large has had to experience and which has been a greater hardship to farmers perhaps than to men of any other calling.

Perhaps the prevention of industrial war has to await the creation of some instrument of governmental authority so powerful that no element in the community will dare defy it. We hope that, if it is necessary, the people of the country will not hesitate to create such an instrument of authority. We hope, however, still more strongly that it will not be necessary for the Government to have recourse to any such capital operation. A better solution is an appeal not to authority but to co-operation and understanding. Such a solution is not a mere dream. It is in existence at least as an experiment in one great railway system of this country. The Pennsylvania Railroad is largely free from the menace of this strike because it has wisely adopted a system of shop representation which provides means by which managers and men can establish and maintain mutual understanding. If that system weathers this storm, it will be one more proof of the truth that has been expressed in homely language, that molasses catches more flies than vinegar. Such mutual understanding is, after all, at the base of that spirit of democracy which is the life of our political system, and should be the life of all our industry.

THE VICTORY OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

THE plan for establishing in Southern Ireland a Free State the people of which should have that kind of self-government Canadians have long possessed, had already, before the outbreak just quelled, stood the test of approval by a majority of the Dail Eireann and that of approval at a popular election. Now it has stood the test of revolution. The insurgents who under Rory O'Connor as their general seized and held as a fortress the historic Four Courts building in Dublin fought with courage and desperation against the forces of the Provisional Free State and surrendered only after they had suffered severe losses in dead and wounded. But the Free State victory was complete.

Two utterances just after the surrender have a hopeful significance for the future. One was that of Michael Collins, head of the present temporary Free State administration. He said that he was determined to make every inch of Ireland under control of his Government safe for persons and property. The other was an agreement between commandants of Free State and Republican forces after a fight at Listowel to the effect that, as Ireland's interests were not served by civil war, they as patriotic Irishmen would unite for the common welfare. If these two principles gain general acceptance in Ireland, the future of the country may be brighter than it has been since the Home Rule Bill passed before the war.

There may be a healthful clearing of the air now that the minority have resorted to open war in place of assassination, kidnapping, and brutal destructiveness. If the Dublin revolution fails to stir up a civil war throughout Southern Ireland, the outbreak and its collapse will go far to convince the irreconcilables that the country is not with them, and that they cannot rally an armed force that would have any chance whatever against the organized and authorized army of the Free State.

The political fanatics whose hearts and brains are fired with hatred of England and who think more of revenge than they do of peace or prosperity can never be convinced—and, unfortunately, they form a very large class in Ireland. They never were in the majority; they never were fit to carry on government; they have now been shown that the people of Southern Ireland are not willing to sustain indefinitely the horrors of guerrilla warfare in the vain pursuit of the chimera of an Ireland totally separated from Great Britain. General Jan Smuts, more than any other man, convinced the Irish people at large that, whatever their aspirations for independence in the far future, they may well be willing for the present to have the liberty of action and self-government that satisfies the Canadian, the Australian, and the citizen of the South African Republic.

The case was quietly and forcefully put by the Provisional Government just before it proceeded to put down the armed insurgents, who attempted to overthrow the Government that the people had indorsed at the polls. Their proclamation said:

> For some months past all classes of business in Ireland have suffered severely through a feeling of insecurity engendered by reckless and wicked acts which have tarnished Ireland's reputation abroad.
>
> As one disastrous consequence unemployment and distress are prevalent in the country at a time when but for such acts Ireland would have prosperity. The Government is determined that the country shall no longer be held up from the pursuit of its normal life and the re-establishment of its free national institutions.

The patience exercised by the Free State in trying to placate the irreconcilables was futile because they were not dealing with reasonable men. Now the explosion has come, and has been dealt with firmly. It would be rash to predict anything of unhappy and turbulent Ireland, but there is at least better ground than before to trust that order will be established, the liberal Constitution offered the Free State by Great Britain be formally accepted, and representative government put on a sound and permanent basis.

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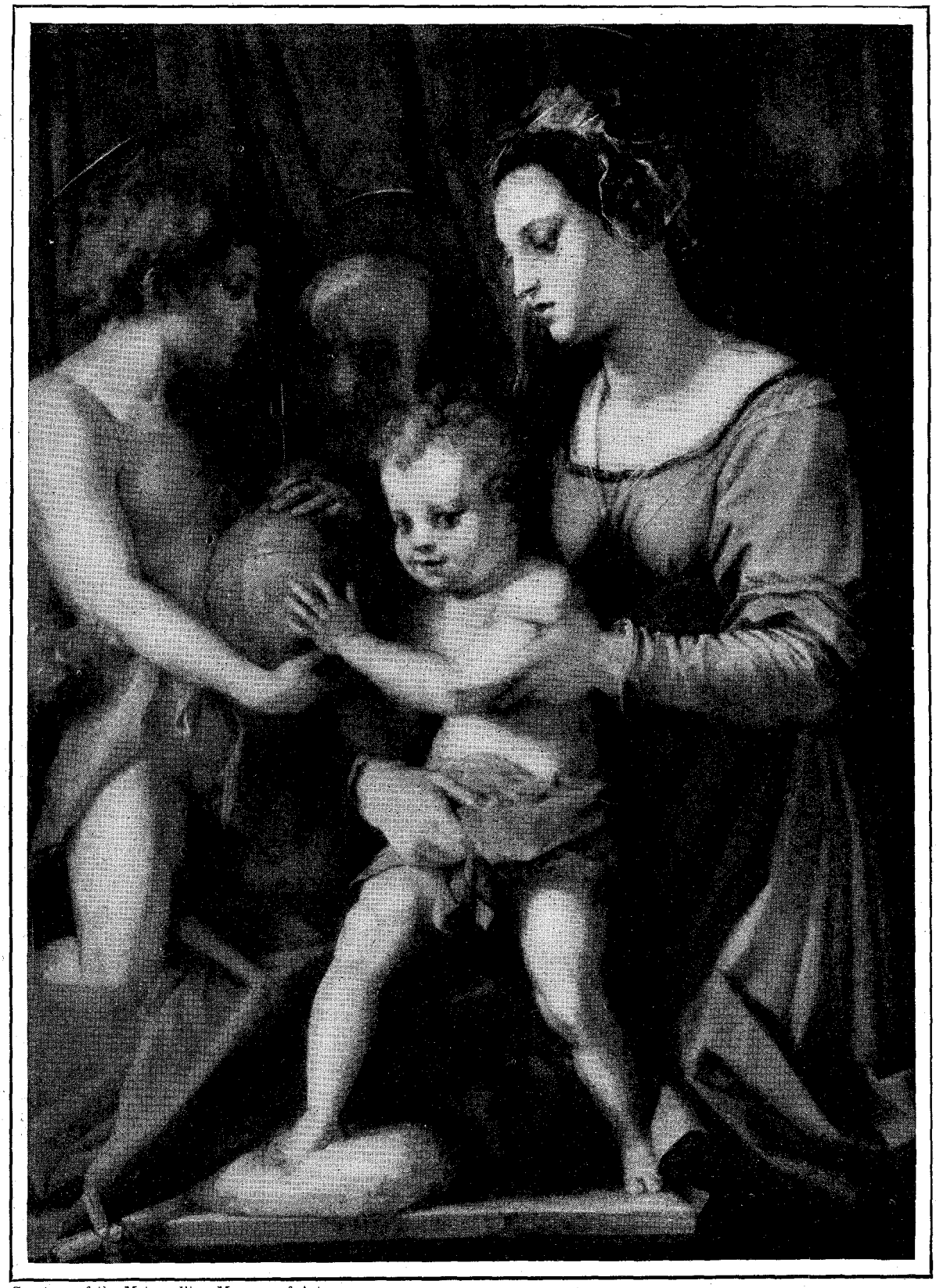
A NEW MASTERPIECE FOR AMERICA



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"THE HOLY FAMILY," BY ANDREA DEL SARTO

This important picture, which has just been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, had been considered lost, but was finally located in the Fairfax Murray Collection, London

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UNION IN THE LAND OF DISUNION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SHANGHAI CONFERENCE

BY FRANK T. CARTWRIGHT

SOME of you in the United States of America think much of church union these days. Many more of you talk much and think less on the subject. It is an extremely popular theme of conversation wherever thoughtful men are gathered. But to the man looking in through the window of your magazines and church papers the proportion of talk to accomplishment rather fogs the view; your room full of discussing friends is clouded with the smoke of immaterial things, and the scene is not as edifying as some of you may imagine. American religious life is not undergoing a magical transformation into a unified whole.

Is it conceivable that Brother John Chinaman is going to show America the way toward essential unity? Will he ever be able to lead his Uncle Sam to actual, organic union? Who knows?

Whatever your answer to these questions, leave them and any prepossessions you may have and come with me to Shanghai, China, to sit in the balcony of historic old Town Hall. Look down on the crowded auditorium where sit eleven hundred men and women gathered in the National Christian Conference.

Do they seem a forced conglomeration of warring units? No; they look and talk like the assembly of any one denomination. There are some arguments, occasionally one hears an electrifying speech, but the whole gathering is swept by a oneness of purpose and hope just as forest and field and stream are swept by the winds of God. It is a unified body, yet it is made up of Orientals and Occidentals, the twain which Kipling declared could never meet.

The six hundred Chinese delegates are a striking factor in the crowd, first of all because they are there at all. The first one of these nation-wide, interdenominational Conferences, held within the memory of delegates present at this year's Conference, was made up exclusively of missionaries; the second one, which came several years later, had so few Chinese delegates that they could not be noticed in the crowd; while the Conference of 1913 was only one-third Chinese. This year there are more delegates of the yellow race than of the white. They came from all parts of the land, north and south, even while the armies of the north and of the south were in the field fighting each other. Some are from remote Szechuan, one man having traveled sixty days to reach the Conference seat. Fukinese came in one body, speaking at least five dialects, yet able to understand the national language.

From your vantage-point in the gallery the tops of the foreigners' heads look much alike—except that there is a variety in the amount and color of hair. Go down to the floor and talk face to face with these "much alike" men, and you will find that they are greatly unlike. You will hear the precise speech of England and the soft tones of America's South. Canada's virility will be noted; Norway's broken English will be heard. If you look quite closely, you will find even a few German delegates. Then when you begin to ask about church relationships you will be fairly smothered mentally, for High Church Episcopalians are there with Congregationalists, Seventh-Day Adventists are beside Presbyterians, Methodists of six different groups are working side by side, Lutherans are with Anglicans, until you find a total of one hundred and seventy electing units representing more than a hundred separate denominations. Yet they are meeting as *one* body, and growing out of their Conference has come a permanent National Christian Council, which is to be their common leader.

This is one result of an almost unanimous desire within the Chinese Church. Again and again in recent years have the Christian leaders decried the divisions in the forces of Christ, and during the days of this Conference (May 2–11) Chinese speakers have on several occasions asked that their Church be delivered from the divisions of the West, which "are largely historical, therefore are neither understood nor desired by the Chinese Christians." The slowly gathering momentum of this demand has led to the almost complete submergence of denominational spirit during the Conference, and some speakers were greeted with hearty applause when they went as far as argument for organic union. It is unquestionable that the pressure of thinking along lines of church unity, thinking which has brought very concrete results in nearly every foreign mission field, is very pronounced here in China.

While thought and talk do not always produce visible results, in the case of this nation the fruit is very evident. In the first place, for several years there has been an organic union of three denominations working in the southern part of Fukien Province. In the same province, as in several others, there are active church federations in which church groups as far apart in polity as Anglicans and Congregationalists are integral parts. Then in the week preceding the National Christian Conference a plan for actual union was laid before representatives of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Lutheran Churches in China, and the evidence seems to indicate that this merger will soon be accomplished. During the Conference a smaller meeting of delegates representing the various branches of Methodism was called, and these men established a commission to survey the possibilities of union on the mission field and to recommend a plan to their constituent bodies.

What may prove, in the light of future events, to be the most important movement along this line is the appointment by the eleven hundred delegates of a National Christian Council, a body of one hundred members representing all sections of China and all the major denominational groups, although the idea of denomination is largely buried in the Council. There are more Chinese than foreign members on it, there is an influential *bloc* of women, and there are enough graybeards to furnish wisdom and enough youngsters to keep their elders from settling into a rut. There was no idea of establishing a superchurch. In fact, the danger of such a machine was seen and carefully guarded against. No one wanted to see an actual, authoritative council established; at least, no one dared speak openly of such a desire.

But there was an overwhelming sentiment in favor of some national body directly responsible to the electing units and with so much of moral force in its personnel that all the Christians of China would be willing and glad to follow its leadership. For years a body somewhat similar to this has been in existence, the China Continuation Committee, but this was set up by outside agencies and was a self-perpetuating organization, so that even the members of the Committee recognized that a new type of leadership was demanded. In the face of China's chaos there was a recognition of need for a group of men and women who could speak, not for the Y. M. C. A. or the Anglicans or the Methodists, but for the *Chinese Christian Church*, and then could lead that Church into action. It is for this purpose that men have set up the National Christian Council and have authorized it to raise funds, to call executives, to do business on a big scale in the name of Jesus Christ.

China, politically speaking, is in a sad condition of chaos. The Southern armies of Dr. Sun Yat-sen are in the field against the armies of the Peking Government. In the North as I write these words the army of Chang Tso-ling, "the Mukden war lord," are digging their trenches after a first disastrous defeat near Tientsin, and the forces of Wu Pei-fu with the strong division under the Christian general, Feng Yu-hsiang, are preparing for another attack. Armies are in motion in distant Szechuan,

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and no one seems to know just what is next on the programme. As a country China is just now rather a hash.

But in that aggregation of fragments there is a unity which you in the West cannot realize. One written language, one set of major customs, one series of three religions, one type of mind, these animate four hundred million people. Outwardly China is a hodgepodge; inwardly she is very truly one nation. Growing out of that sense of oneness comes an insistent demand for unity in Christianity. It may develop into one Christian Church for all of this country. Perhaps there will grow up a few strong units in one strongly federated whole. If you can prophesy accurately what the outcome will be, stand up and be numbered among the seventh sons of seventh sons. No one with whom I have talked out here is willing to do more than hazard a guess. But of one thing every one seems absolutely and gladly sure: the movement is forward and the sweep of it is almost irresistible. It will pay you in the homeland to watch it.

THE BRITISH MIDDLE-EAST MANDATES

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

IN a spirit of altruism, and in order to insure that victors in war should not profit by their victory (thereby removing one of the inducements to warfare), the mandatory system was launched by the framers of the League of Nations Covenant. That Covenant was embodied in the peace treaties with Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. The treaty with Turkey never having been ratified, I suppose that, technically speaking, we are still at war with the Turks. Great Britain has accepted mandates for certain territories lost by them in the war—for Mesopotamia (Iraq) and for Palestine. The terms of these mandates have never been approved by the Council of the League of Nations; their further consideration was postponed until July. So far from profiting by our mandates, either in the Middle East or elsewhere, we have been pouring money in millions into the countries concerned ever since the armistice; Iraq and Palestine, taken together, are still costing the British taxpayer about forty-five million dollars a year, even on the assumption that there is no further trouble in those regions. That is the present situation. It is unsatisfactory, but it has to be faced, and the sooner the better. There is a limit even to altruism, and a considerable difference between not making a profit out of winning a war and suffering, of our own accord, additional heavy loss thereby.

We are doing this, be it understood, entirely in the interests of the population of the territories concerned, and, judging by the Egyptian precedent, we should after a space of years leave those people far more prosperous than we found them. But several points require attention. Great Britain, unaided by other Dominions of the British Commonwealth whose representatives signed the treaties establishing the mandatory system, bears the whole cost of these Middle-East mandates. The British people, through their representatives in Parliament, were not consulted when the responsibility was accepted, and there are indications that in these hard times they feel that it is beyond their power to face heavy financial sacrifice either for the sake of the people of Iraq, or for the sake of the inhabitants of Palestine or Zionist immigrants in that country. Before the League of Nations Council will again consider the terms of the mandates in July many discharged service men will have been thrown upon the labor market by the "economy demobilization," and, even allowing for the improvement in trade expected to result from economizing upon the so-called unproductive services, the unemployment situation bids fair to become serious. Under such conditions, it is clearly everybody's business to study the Middle-East mandates.

The people of Iraq and of Palestine are described in the League Covenant as "having reached a state of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone," and, further, "the wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of a mandatory." The framers of the Covenant laid down the principle that the well-being and development of the people of territories surrendered by our late enemies in war should form a "sacred trust of civilization," and I should be the last to disagree with them, but we are obliged to recognize that we were in a state of moral exaltation in 1918–19, and that, now that it comes to footing a heavy bill for accepting mandates, the mood of many has cooled. The opportunity was lost. When the Versailles draft treaty, embodying the Covenant, was presented in June, 1919, no one imagined that three years would elapse and find the terms of the mandates still unsettled. Much has happened during those three years. The great armies which defeated those of the Central Powers have been demobilized and most of the great ships have been scrapped. There is no longer the same material force behind the ideal of the Covenanters. Nor is there the economic force that was hoped for when America was expected to join the League and to take a leading part.

Prolonged discussion, pernicious propaganda, and other factors have been at work locally, and at the present moment we are in doubt whether the "independent nations" of Iraq and Palestine wish for any mandatory at all, though, if they must have one, we are given to understand that they would prefer Great Britain to any other country. Then, again, the word "mandatory" is anything but popular. It conveys the idea of predatory rather than of altruistic intention, or, at all events, an idea of dominance. "Why," we can imagine a cultured inhabitant of Iraq or Palestine saying, "should we be bracketed with the savages of New Guinea?" The distinction between class A, B, and C mandates is lost by the use of the general term. Taking the two mandates separately, they confer, in Iraq, the moral responsibility for maintaining internal order and for the defense of frontiers that may quite possibly be threatened with invasion, but they do not now imply the responsibility of the British taxpayer for civil administration beyond the expense of providing a high commissioner and, this year, for some heavy expenditure on repair of railways. In Palestine the question of maintaining internal order again comes in. The situation is complicated by Arab opposition to the Zionist policy of providing a national home for the Jews and by questions arising over the holy places. Against this has been set the alleged advantage to ourselves of greater security to the Suez Canal. Our special interest therein used to be due to the fact that we owned the greater part of the commercial traffic passing by that route. The security of the Suez Canal is of interest to other countries in proportion to their greatly increased share in that traffic. Moreover, to any student of strategy it is obvious that the best defense of the Suez Canal against any threats from the eastward is the desert of Sinai.

With so many conflicting interests at stake, the discussions of the Middle-East mandates in July are likely to be prolonged, and perhaps heated. If the people of Great Britain, who have been, and are, paying the piper, are to have anything to do with calling the time, I believe that their general wish would be to abandon altogether the word "mandate" as applied to "independent nations," and to arrive at the altruistic objects of the League of Nations Covenanters by some more simple method.

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THE LAST FIRE

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

You saw the last fires burning on the hill
In that far autumn twilight when we took
The future by the hand through woods as still
As your heart is to-day, and crossed the brook.

The brook that gurgled through the quietude
Was just a slender stream that sauntered on.
How were we to know the thing we should—
That we had crossed our narrow Rubicon?

And after, in the shadow of the leaves,
When your great eyes grew with the growing night
They left the hollows where the twilight grieves
And mirrored back the bonfire on the height.

And what quick flame was in your eyes I knew;
And how the moment caught us on our way
Is Time's own story written for a few
In dust of ashes in your eyes to-day.

WEDNESDAYS

BY ANNIE B. KERR

WEDNESDAY was always a difficult day for Mary Martinelli to live through, and this one had been unusually hard. She had tried to sustain both body and spirit by thoughts of the gay evening that was before her, but the forelady had been out of sorts and had accused her unjustly of loitering, when, as a matter of fact, she had worked all through the noon hour. The day's work was over at last, and there would be no hated dishes to-night, for her mother had promised to wash them for her.

The dress she was wearing was new, bought especially for this occasion. It was brown satin, elaborately trimmed with shining beads. It had taken two weeks' wages to pay for it. In style it was the very latest, and with a little sigh of satisfaction she surveyed her reflection in the mirror and lovingly smoothed the shimmering folds. The whiteness of her face troubled her; her black hair and dark eyes accentuated her pallor. In her brown eyes there was a little wistful look as she turned away, conscious of the fact that on Wednesday she could never look her best. Hers was a sunny nature, however, and she gave a parting smile to the pale little image in the glass. Then hurriedly dabbing a bit of powder on the end of her nose, she caught up her hat and coat and ran out into the hall.

Avoiding the kitchen, whence issued appetizing odors of her favorite spaghetti and meat-balls, she called good-by to her mother and hurried out into the street.

This was Angelina Salvadore's wedding night, and Angelina was one of her best friends. She was too late for the ceremony, but the reception was being held at the Institute.

She wished it weren't Wednesday night. So many of her friends had parties on Wednesdays, and usually she refused to go. She loved the gayety, the fun, and the dancing too, though that was hard for her with her stiff leg. When it came time for refreshments and it happened to be Wednesday—ah! that was the hard part, and she shrank from the ordeal. Well, of course *they* didn't know the reason, but God knew, and he might have managed better. Perhaps it was his purpose to test her. She had never failed him yet in all these years. What would they serve to-night, she wondered, and how could she ever insist that she wasn't hungry and didn't feel like eating when at that very minute she was faint and trembling from lack of food?

When she reached the Institute, she paused for a moment at the open door and gazed in with an exclamation of delight: "*O quanto é bello!*"

Flowers fairly flooded the room with glorious color—jars of goldenrod, bowls of zinnias and gladioli, vases of asters and cosmos. She did not know the names of these American flowers from autumn woods and fields and gardens. But their beauty filled her soul with rapturous delight. In memory she was swept back to a happy day in her childhood when she had wandered through a glorious Italian garden on the shore of a blue, blue sea.

A friend's joyous greeting drew her swiftly into the glow of the yellow-tinted walls, relieved by pictures of old cathedrals and bright bits of landscape from far away. Soft curtains of cream-colored silk hung from the long windows. Bright chintz cushioned the wicker furniture. The mellow marble mantelpieces, elaborately carved, held bits of pottery and other lovely things from across the seas. The wicker lamps shed a soft light over rugs and books, all suggesting home and friendship. At one end of the room sat the bride and groom, their backs against the mantelpiece. Just over their heads the formal bouquets of the bride and of her maid of honor stood up stiff and straight—the pink roses and white carnations immovable on their wired stems—a vivid contrast to graceful cosmos and drooping goldenrod. Uncomfortable in his new clothes, the groom sat silent and awkward, ignored serenely by the bride, who greeted the club girls and other friends as she stood up to display her elaborate gown.

Mary was soon surrounded by a little group of friends. Their royal welcome made her quite forget fatigue and

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anxiety. All the difficult Wednesdays of the past slipped into the background, and she threw herself heart and soul into the festivities of the evening. Soon the dancing began. The room was filled with whirling couples; not only the young people danced, but the fathers danced with young daughters, mothers with their sons, and even the small children were given their full share of attention and enjoyment. When the music stopped, Mary sank breathlessly into a chair, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her feet still keeping time to the echo of the waltz that was ringing in her ears.

Suddenly a wave of faintness swept over her. She remembered that trays of delicious food would be passed continuously throughout the evening. Even as she was thinking the procession started—sandwiches of every description, Italian cakes and bonbons, Jordan almonds, ice-cream, punch, ginger ale, and soda. Steadily Mary refused everything; steadily she resisted the desire to run away home, where she would be out of the way of temptation and where an understanding mother would tuck her into bed. The girls pressed about her, laughing at her abstinence and refusing to take it seriously. She only shook her head, a little forced smile on her lips, all the laughter gone out of her eyes.

Then they began to dance again. Leaning her head wearily against the high back of her chair, she closed her eyes, the dark circles under them suddenly revealed as the color faded from her cheeks. Her body drooped pathetically, but her hands were tensely clasped in her lap. The bright light, the gay flowers, the merry dancers, had faded into the background and she was a little girl in that stricken city of Messina. She recalled the happy Christmas with grandmother and young cousins in the big hotel of which her grandmother was the proprietress; the feasting and games and dancing on that last night before the end came. She remembered how she had crept into bed, a tired, happy little girl, with the remnants of the feast still clasped in her hands, too sleepy to heed the torrents of rain which threatened to break the panes of her window. And then had come chaos—falling walls and floors, frightful pain, hideous cries from other members of the big household. Following those awful first hours were days and nights of terrible thirst and agony before her poor broken body had been discovered and she had been lifted tenderly in the arms of Russian soldiers and carried to the warship in the harbor of Messina. For those few brief minutes she lived over that lifetime of five days and nights as she had done each week in all the succeeding years. But she remembered also, with a little sigh of satisfaction, the year that had followed that awful time. She had been the heroine of the big hospital at Naples. Because her own poor broken fingers were helpless and useless, a real princess had fed her delicious fruit and held cooling drinks to her feverish lips. But that was thirteen years ago, and she was in America now, that promised land for which her childish heart had so often yearned.

It was Angelina's wedding night. And again the girls were offering her food for which she longed.

"Mary, don't be so silly! Why don't you eat or drink?"

"I don't want anything—honest, I don't."

"You do too. You're as white as a ghost—you look all worn out."

"Oh, come on, Mary, have a sandwich!"

"I don't want anything, I tell you." Her voice broke suddenly and the tears welled up in her eyes.

The girls stood about her in puzzled silence; they could not understand her—she seemed like some stranger instead of their merry playmate whom they knew so well.

"Why won't you have any refreshments, Mary?"

It was one of the Institute ladies who sat down beside her and looked lovingly into her troubled brown eyes.

"I can't, Miss Bradford."

"But why, dear?"

Should she tell? It would be such a relief to have them know—but would they understand? She could not bear it if they laughed at her or thought her queer. Many of them knew of that terrible experience at Messina. They knew she would carry the physical marks to the grave. But could they enter into that spiritual experience which was the most sacred thing in all her life?

"Oh," she said, desperately, "it is because of my vow." Now the girls were crowding around her, even kneeling beside her chair.

"Your *vow*, Mary?"

"Oh, you see," she said, clasping her hands and speaking in a voice of hushed reverence, "when I was in the earthquake at Messina I made a vow to God. I was so little and so afraid and so lonely, and every day the people were dying all around me. I didn't want to die. I wanted to go to my father and mother in America. And so I prayed to God, and I promised if he would save me I would fast every Wednesday. And you know"—her hushed voice took on an added solemnity—"all the two hundred in that building were taken out dead, but God saved me alive!"

"Why, Mary, that was years ago! Have you fasted every Wednesday in all this time?"

"Every single Wednesday."

"And how long will you keep it up?"

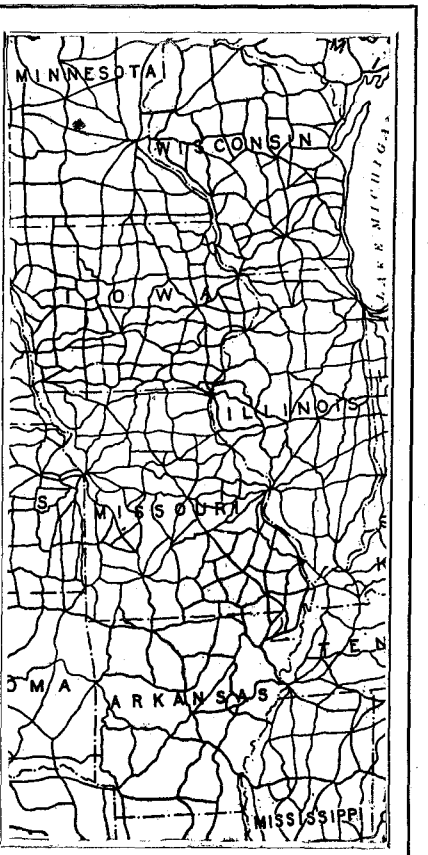
"All my life, of course."

"All your life! Oh, Mary!"

"But it was a promise made to God, and he gave me my life. What is a little food compared to that? I could never, never break my word to God!"

Her face was transfigured with an inner light; her pale cheeks glowed with delicate color, her shining eyes revealed a feast of soul in which her comrades could not share. With startled awe they looked at this new Mary, whose radiance of spirit they felt but could not define, and then turned away to join once more the merry dancers round the bride and groom.

At midnight, when they slipped through the darkened streets homeward, it was not of weddings or dancing or feasting that they were thinking, but of brave, steadfast Mary and the Great Friend who had heard and answered the agonized prayer of a little Italian girl.



Those who believe in good roads—and those who ought to—should watch out for a forthcoming article

By

NEWTON A. FUESSLE

It's called

Pulling Main Street Out of the Mud

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SOME OF THE GOOD AND THE BAD IN GANDHIISM

BY R. A. HUME

M. K. GANDHI is an idealist of most simple habits, who practices what he preaches. He intensely loves his native land, and is ready to undergo anything for what he believes will be good for his country. He clearly sees some of the injury which has befallen some interests in India through contact with the materialism of the West. He is a deeply religious man, and has been considerably influenced by the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some of these teachings are refraining from returning evil for evil, and love for all men, even for enemies.

He has an intense hatred of all intoxicating liquors. By ardent advocacy of various temperance efforts, stimulated considerably by political motives, he has, at least temporarily, and I hope permanently, immensely lessened the drinking of such liquors. His special temperance method was getting many persons to stand in front of or very near to liquor shops to deter people from going into those shops. Sometimes these picketers would snatch away and smash bottles of liquor which had been bought.

Mr. Gandhi intensely desires to promote simplicity of life among all sections of his countrymen. One chief item in his programme is to try to get every single family, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, to have a primitive hand spinning-wheel in the home, and every one daily to spend some time in spinning plain cloth! He thinks this would very largely lead to discarding the use of foreign cloth. He urges the disuse of all sorts of foreign articles. He desires what he calls "national education," in which purely Indian methods would be followed.

But there are some bad things about Gandhiism. While Mr. Gandhi has influence over men, he has a strangely inadequate understanding of human nature. Absolute and universal abstention from violence is the chief item in his teaching. But he often indulges in very violent language, yet strangely imagines that violent language by voice and in print can be used by himself and his associates without unavoidably resulting in violent actions by many people who do not have self-control.

Till lately there was a very large amount of good feeling and friendly intercourse between most Indians and most Europeans. But Mr. Gandhi's language in gatherings and in the press against what he calls "the Satanic Government" and his extravagant claim that the treatment by very many Europeans of very many Indians is practically treating them as slaves has suddenly created hatred in Indians in the place of much former friendliness.

Another bad element in Mr. Gandhi's influence and activities is the introduction and wide use of religious excitement in politics. Almost the chief characteristic of the British administration in India has been absolute abstention from religious partisanship. Ordinarily and naturally, there have been dislike and often strained relations between Mohammedans and Hindus, because polytheism and idolatry are hated by Mohammedans. Religious animosities and riots between Mohammedans and Hindus have been checked and controlled only by the strong arm of the British Government. But because the passing of the British rule is impossible so long as there is religious disharmony between these two principal communities, Mr. Gandhi has brought about a *superficial* harmony between Mohammedans and Hindus in order to promote their joint action in political activities. A very large number of Indian Mohammedans are disturbed over the injury to Turkey resulting from the Great War. They believe that the Sultan of Turkey is the Caliph or chief religious authority for the Mohammedan religion, much as the Pope is in the Roman Catholic religion; and that without the restoration to the Sultan of most of his former political power he cannot adequately exercise his religious authority. Hence most Indian Mohammedans wrongly claim that the Sultan's limitation of secular power is practically an attack on the Mohammedan *religion;* and that because the British Home Government is one of the allies which has limited the territory of the Turkish Empire that Government is considerably responsible for an attack on the Mohammedan *religion.* Hence the hostility of Indian Mohammedans to the British Government in India and in Britain. And the Hindus, who have absolutely no interest in the Mohammedan religion, have under Mr. Gandhi's influence for purely political motives joined the Mohammedans in claiming that the British Government has attacked the Mohammedan religion. This is very unfair and bad in Gandhiism.

Probably the most injurious influence of Gandhiism is its rapid and senseless promotion of lawlessness. Theoretically, Mr. Gandhi does his utmost to teach and to promote lawlessness *only* to the Government. But the spirit of lawlessness to the State unavoidably promotes lawlessness toward parents, teachers, re-

कर्मवीर महात्मा मोहनदास करमचंद गांधी.

M. K. GANDHI. Born 1869. મહાત્મા ગાંધી.

It was in response to inquiries from America that Dr. Hume wrote from India the accompanying estimate of the activities of the Nationalist leader, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.

Robert Allen Hume, D.D., was born in Bombay, the son of American missionaries. He is a graduate of Yale College. He has been a missionary himself since 1874 and has identified himself with all the interests of his native land.

In a letter accompanying this article Dr. Hume's son, Professor Robert E. Hume, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, writes to The Outlook: "My father was the only American to be summoned by Mr. Montagu, when he was Secretary of State for India, and Lord Chelmsford, when he was Viceroy of India, to offer testimony and suggestions for the British administration of India. Not only has he been trusted by the English, but he has also been sent to the Indian National Congress as the representative of an India electorate. Accordingly he has been actively and sympathetically engaged in forwarding the progress of India from both sides of the English-Indian relationship."

Inclosed in his letter Professor Hume sent a picture post-card which has been widely used in India. It is a reproduction of a portrait of Mr. Gandhi bearing the inscription reproduced herewith. The first line is in the Sanskrit character, the mother of all the Aryan dialects of modern India. It may be translated as follows: "The efficient champion, the great soul (Mahatma) Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi." And the two words at the right-hand side in the second line are in the Gujerati language, meaning Mahatma Gandhi.

Concerning this Professor Hume writes: "Etymologically 'Mahatma' means 'Great Soul,' and is an epithet occurring several times in the sacred scriptures of Hinduism to designate a 'mighty being' (Chandogya Upanishad, 4.3.6), or a highly honored person (Katha Upanishad, 1.16), or a person regarded as very holy, saintly, perfected (Svetasvatara Upanishad, 6.23). But the preponderant usage in the Upanishads is to designate the Supreme Soul, the Supreme Being, the great Cosmic Soul. There is thus even in the appellation which is now being used for Gandhi an approach, from the line of superb appreciation of his person, to the veneration of him as almost divine. Verily, India is more ready than is America probably to receive an incarnation of adorable deity.

"And verily Gandhi has done something for the promotion of national unity in India that no Christian up to date has done, viz., the bringing together, even temporarily, of two diverse elements—the Mohammedan and the Hindu. But at what cost? The rupturing of East and West more violently than has been done since the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857.

"Gandhi himself, like the whole situation, is most complex. All sides must be brought forth into clear apprehension if the situation is to be saved."

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ligious guides, and leaders of every kind. One of the finest elements in all sections of Indian society has always been reverence for parents, teachers, and religious leaders. Multitudes of these elders have recently had their proper and weighty influence undermined and flouted by Mr. Gandhi's appeal to youth to leave schools and colleges connected with Government, whether parents and elders approve or disapprove. The *pax Britannica* has secured order throughout the land. Gandhiism tends to make tenants refuse to pay dues even to private landlords. Lawlessness is the worst injury which an individual, a community, or a nation can suffer. Mr. Gandhi has not proposed or been able to arrange how, after destroying the present Government, *if* this could be done, orderly society could continue in an empire of three hundred and twenty millions of people of diverse civilizations and religions, of whom only one male in ten and one female in a hundred can read. This is practically the teaching of Nihilism.

The above is an estimate of only *some* of the characteristics of the political teaching and effort of a remarkable man. In my judgment, a reaction against Gandhiism has already set in.

Ahmednagar, India.

THE MIDSUMMER FLOWER PAGEANT

BY EDWARD K. PARKINSON

MAY usually sees the formation of a procession of summer blossoms, but not until the advent of summer do the brilliant, large flowers appear, for the spring flora is always smaller, more delicate, and generally more ephemeral. One must stoop down for the spring flowers; the summer flowers reach up to you. This wonderful pageant, formed in May and augmented in June, moves in stately fashion through July, when wild lilies blaze and tall purple-fringed orchis lift their purple spires; then it moves onward during August over stubbles gay with vervains and willow-herb and meadows fragrant with trumpet-weed. Slowly it files into September along streams flaming with cardinal-flowers and fields gay with goldenrods, until it halts and breaks rank in late October crowned with asters and immortelles. One sometimes wonders if these marvelous summer days are wholly appreciated? All through the winter they are sighed for, and now that they are here let us, by all means, enjoy them.

"It seems," said a well-known garden lover and litterateur writing of the charm of these summer days, "as if nature could not do enough when her appointed time arrives, as if there were no end to her prodigality of bloom and song and color and sunshine—birds singing amid the orchard blossoms, bees plunging into flower cups, meadows smothered with buttercups, swamps golden with marigolds, woods aflame with honeysuckles, fields crimson with clover, bird songs, insect hum, and flower blossoms on every side!" But gardeners, both amateur and professional, are too apt to lose their sense of right perspective; their own little plot of ground becomes too often the whole universe, and they are in great danger of becoming veritable Marthas, troubled over many things. This is all wrong, for, after all, flower gardening should be taken up for pleasure and recreation, and the moment one turns the joy of it into mere drudgery then the whole object of having a garden is gone. A few well-cared-for flowers, a bit of velvety lawn, perhaps a pool, an arbor to rest and take one's ease in, and beyond that what more can one desire in mid-July? If there should happen to be no pool on the place, by all means concoct one, even if it be only a few kerosene barrels sawed in half and sunk into the ground to their rims, for these, connected by pipes or little stone ditches, make ideal spots for lilies or irises.

As to irises, by the way, a garden without them would not be complete, as they are among the very first large flowers of the garden to appear. To recommend any special variety of them, however, would be superfluous, for they are so numerous and are nearly all so very beautiful; easily grown, thriving in light soil and sunshine, one can rarely have enough of them. If the average gardener would only take the trouble to divide some of these large plants, and thus not only obtain them more abundantly for another year but increase the size of the flowers, he would soon find himself very well supplied with them. The great bearded iris is one of the most effective border plants known, and the cut flowers are also beautiful when arranged with their sword-shaped foliage. The Japanese section of the bed advances in bloom while the bearded iris is in blossom. Naturally a water plant, it should receive abundance of moisture in order to acquire its full development, and whenever possible it should be grown beside some stream or pool.

Another restful plant for the quiet, peaceful garden, and one which requires comparatively little attention except mulching in the autumn, is the peony, including the tree, the herbaceous, and the Chinese varieties, all of which give us one of our most lavish floral displays. Where one cannot grow rhododendrons, these are an excellent substitute in limestone soil, as they are equally floriferous, large-flowered, and varied in coloring. The earliest are the single dark crimson and the double fennel-leaved *Pæonia tennifolia*, the petals of the latter being a vivid scarlet crimson, one of the most distinct reds of the year, its feathery foliage quite unlike that of any of its tribe. Roses are scarcely finer than some of these fragrant Chinese varieties, notably the Festiva Maxim, which is pure white in color, marked with a bright carmine in the center; or the Marie Calot, with its pale hydrangea-pink flowers with darker shadings in the center; or the Madame de Verneville, which bears beautifully formed flowers with sulphur-white guard petals, and has a compact white center touched with carmine. There is also the La Tulipe, which has large globular flesh-pink blossoms shading to ivory white, the center petals being tipped with carmine; this is also a vigorous grower and a very full bloomer.

Among the standard double peonies, Monsieur Mallet is effective, being rose-color with salmon shadings in the center; Anemone flora Rubra, a dark, rich crimson; Edulis Superba, with violet-rose guard petals and a mauve-rose center with lighter edges—these are all worthy a place in the garden. A few of the old-fashioned peonies which come into bloom from ten days to two weeks ahead of the new sorts should include Mutabilis Alba, blush-white; Mutabilis Rosea, bright rose-pink; and Rubra, a brilliant, glowing crimson.

The azalea is another plant which should be more frequently seen in our midsummer gardens; a garden lover, writing of these flowers, says: "I always rejoice when the azalea blooms, for in it I find a charm presented by no other flower. Its soft tints of buff, sulphur, and primrose, its dazzling shades of apricot, salmon, orange, and vermilion, are always a fresh revelation of color. They have no parallel among flowers, and exist only in opals, sunset skies, and the flush of autumn woods. I admit the rhododendron is magnificent where it can be acclimated; but even in England and on the Continent it is exceeded in gorgeousness by the azalea." Thus the ideal garden, where one may indulge in a sense of rest and freedom from hurry and hard labor, should be a simple affair, easily cared for, and beautiful to look upon. Polonius's advice to his son, in "Hamlet," might be fitly changed somewhat and applied into a wholesome admonition to the enthusiastic garden lover and builder, thus:

Costly thy plants as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the garden oft proclaims the man.

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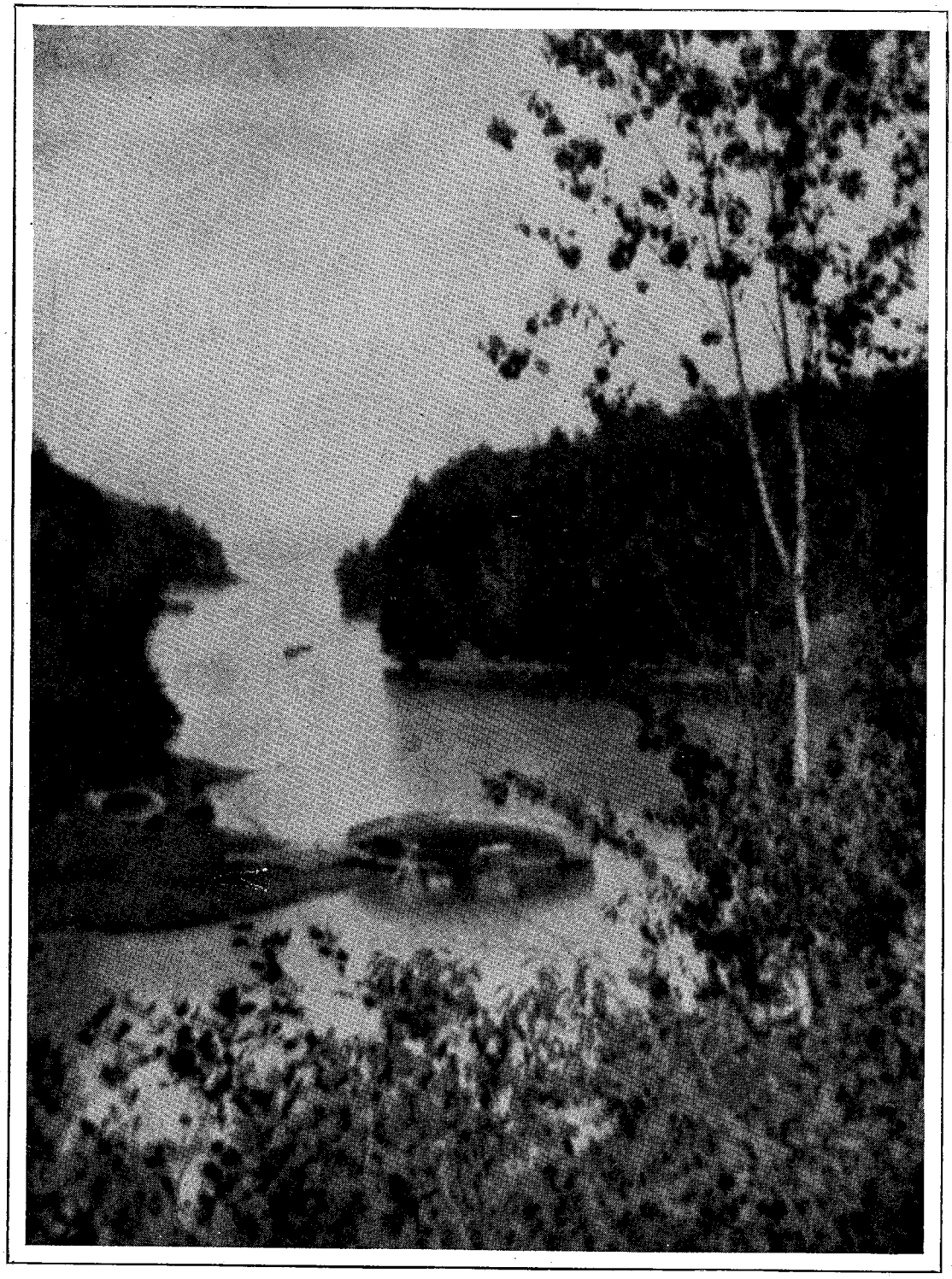
OUR SEACOAST NATIONAL PARK

PICTURES OF MOUNT DESERT AND LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

FOR a generation or more Bar Harbor and Mount Desert Island have been in the front rank of fashionable summer resorts. A new element of popular appeal will now make the island still more attractive to the tourist. This is the setting apart of a section of the island as a National Park—the only one east of the Mississippi and the only great National Park that fronts on the sea. These photographs, taken both inside and outside of the Park's boundaries, give an idea of the scenery which is readily accessible to visitors to the Lafayette National Park.



AN INLET OF SOMES SOUND

Somes Sound nearly divides Mount Desert Island, penetrating it for about six miles in a northerly direction. It and the adjacent waters were formerly much used by motor boats and yachts. Automobiles have now lessened the travel by water, while greatly increasing the total number of visitors both to the National Park and the various summer resorts of the island

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GATHERING LILIES ON "THE BOWL," NEWPORT MOUNTAIN

Many attractive lakes are included within the boundaries of Lafayette National Park, some of them abounding in water-lilies

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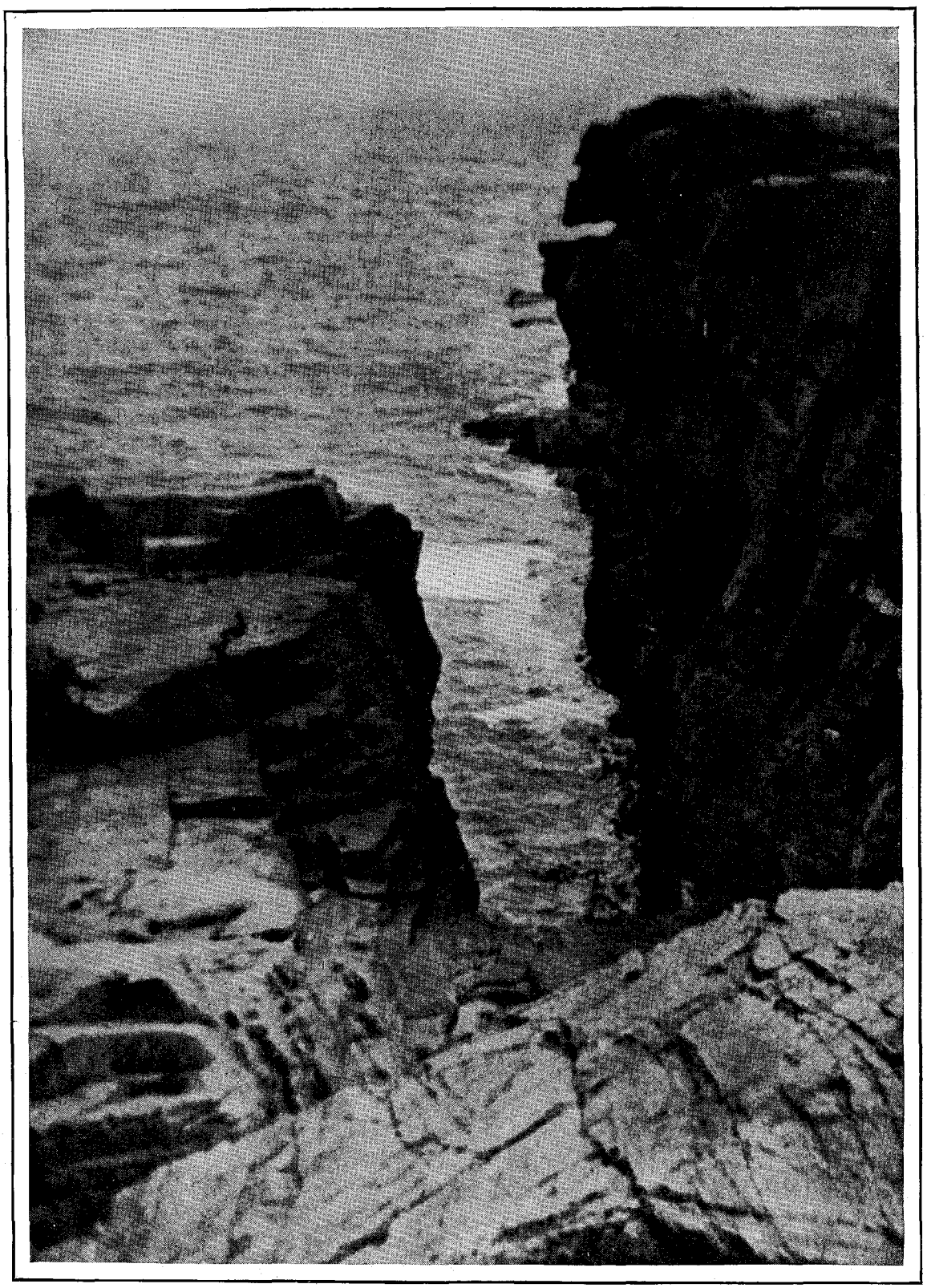

THUNDER CAVE, MOUNT DESERT ISLAND

These cliffs and others, such as the Otter Cliffs, are on the east side of the island and may be seen to advantage on the "forty-mile drive" around the island. This drive may now easily be taken by automobile in an afternoon, with incidental relaxation at attractive tea-rooms

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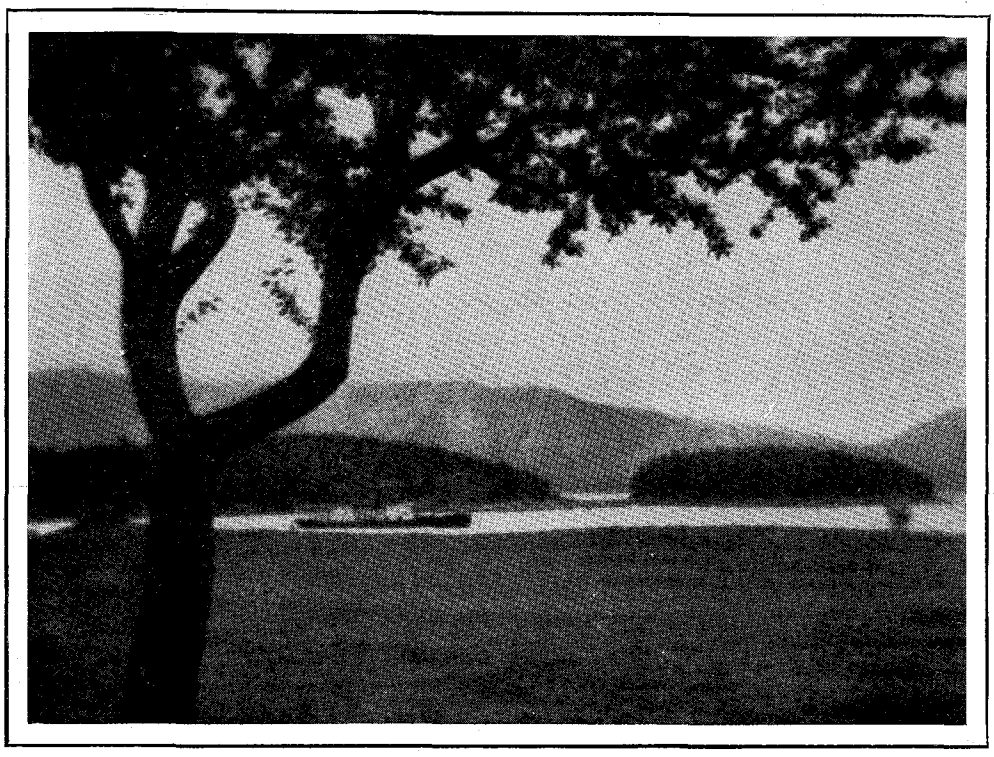
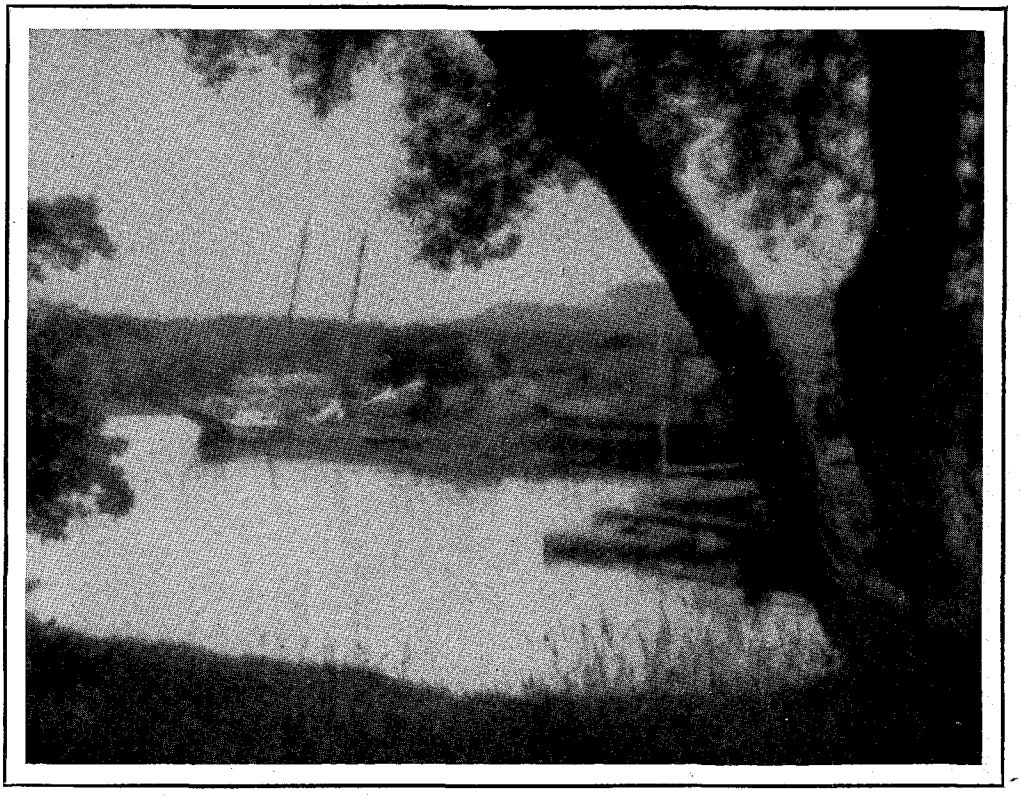


A GOVERNMENT "CUTTER" ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION

The outlines of Sargent and Jordan Mountains are seen in the background—a part of the National Park



HER LAST BERTH—AN ABANDONED SCHOONER FINDS A QUIET HAVEN

The long coast-line of Mount Desert affords numerous harbors, in some of which active maritime traffic still goes on. Fish, lumber, and quarried stone are carried largely in schooners. Quarries near the scene pictured above supplied the material used in the piers of the first Brooklyn Bridge

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CHEATING THE PARK BENCH

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

"WHAT about the jobless man on the park bench?" is an old question that is being revived with familiar frequency now that the fever of war production and universal employment has spent itself.

The city policeman, with his eternal "Move on," was the one man who seemed to have a direct answer to the question. But Edwin Brown, of Denver—"Lodging House Brown"—has matched the policeman's answer with a better one. Mr. Brown would have the jobless, homeless man move on, but to a municipal emergency home, where he can find good food and a night's rest and a chance to look to-morrow's world in the face in better spirit.

Mr. Brown has been personally responsible for the establishment of many municipal lodging houses throughout the United States. In order to get the experience necessary to rouse the cities to the need of emergency shelters for the jobless, Mr. Brown, who is a man of wealth and education, has lived as a "down-and-outer." He has put on workmen's clothes and mingled with those he has sought to help. He has traveled without funds from one city to another, in order to "get the feel" of life as it appears to the man without a dime. Then he has gone to the press with his observations, and usually a municipal lodging house has been established as a result.

Nor has Mr. Brown been satisfied with the mere establishment of lodging houses for the unemployed. He has "checked up" on such institutions after they have been established. An instance of his methods along this line was shown last fall, when the problem of the unemployed was most acute. Park benches were filled, even on cold nights. Jobless men, many of them war veterans, slept covered with newspapers. Some of them were in Bryant Park, in New York City, huddled about the statue of William Cullen Bryant, the man who wrote: "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again —the eternal years of God are hers."

Yet New York, not so many years ago, built a municipal emergency home, at a cost of $250,000, for meeting just such conditions. There was plenty of empty space in it, while the benches in Bryant Park were full. There was a weighty conference on unemployment on at Washington, but no word came from that conference which might relieve the immediate necessities of the men on the park benches. Something was the matter; and just the nature of that something was brought to light by Mr. Brown, who came into the city room of a New York newspaper and said:

"I have just been to the New York Municipal Lodging House, and would like to know why it is that with between eight hundred and a thousand beds there and the parks filled nights with men who are out of work, less than half the beds are occupied. When I asked the lodging-house keeper for the reason, he said: 'This place is chiefly for men who vote here. We only permit non-residents to remain one night.'"

The city editor detailed a reporter, who first interviewed some of the men on the park benches. The reporter found from these men that they would rather sleep in parks, hallways, or anywhere else than apply at the New York Municipal Lodging House.

Then the reporter put on an old suit of clothes and applied at the lodging house, where he found conditions bad. He reported that the inmates were so concentrated on the floors, despite the great floor space and bed capacity, that their health was endangered. The supper, according to the reporter's account, was bad, and the breakfast was worse. The ventilation was so poor that one man begged to be allowed to leave, only to be told to go back to his blanket on the floor or be put in jail. To pay for such quarters and such food the inmates had to work about the lodging house for two hours, or longer at Blackwell's or Randall's Island, thus depriving them of a chance to get jobs during the best time in the morning.

Yet it was only a few years ago that Mr. Brown was citing the New York Municipal Lodging House as something for other cities to copy. He had found there kindliness and cleanliness. To-day, in a time of greater public need, he finds the same institution cursed by unemployed men, who would rather shiver in the parks than go near it. So much for the lost motion that comes through political mismanagement.

The same condition obtains pretty generally throughout the country, Mr. Brown has found in the process of checking up on the lodging houses that have been established by municipalities. During war-time prosperity there was little use for such lodging houses. Some were even converted to other uses, apparently on the idea that universal employment was going to last forever. Most of the cities maintained their lodging houses, but permitted them to run down. The position of lodging-house keeper became a sinecure, to be handed out to some political favorite.

When unemployment began to be a problem in Boston, former Mayor Peters, of that city, put on a ragged suit of clothes and undertook the same sort of an investigation which Mr. Brown started in New York. He visited the Boston Municipal Lodging House incognito and had supper, lodging, and breakfast there. Then he sawed wood for an hour in the morning to pay for his entertainment. As a result of his experiences he asked for $50,000 to make needed changes in the emergency home.

The Boston Mayor's visit to the Municipal Lodging House was the result of reading "Broke," a book in which Mr. Brown has set forth his impressions of several years of mingling with the unemployed—a book which from the standpoint of actual observation alone ranks with the studies of Wyckoff, Flynt, London, and others, with the added merit of a constructive purpose.

A youth who accosted Mr. Brown one February night in Denver several years ago was indirectly responsible for the establishment of many lodging houses. Also he was responsible for the investigations which have gained Mr. Brown the newspaper sobriquet of the "Millionaire Tramp."

Mr. Brown learned that this youth was sleeping at a brick kiln on the outskirts of the city. The next night Mr. Brown put on an old suit of clothes and tramped out to the kiln. It was about midnight, and the brick had been withdrawn. In the hot kiln were a dozen men, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. Mr. Brown caught such snatches of sleep as he could, but frequently had to go to the opening of the kiln and get a breath of fresh air. About three o'clock in the morning, at the very coldest time, the men were awakened and informed that the workmen would have to fill the kiln with brick for the day's baking. Mr. Brown tumbled out into the cold with the rest. All were reeking with perspiration, and undoubtedly some of them contracted pneumonia and went to fill the overcrowded hospitals of the city and county. Since that night it has been one of Mr. Brown's chief contentions that municipal emergency homes, providing needy persons with shelter, are a good investment for a city from a financial point of view, as they save a heavy drain on hospitals and other institutions.

Mr. Brown entered immediately upon his crusade, which took him to New York, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington, Salt Lake, and other cities. Usually he dressed in some such garb as he wore that first night at the Denver brick yards—a well-worn suit, with overalls added perhaps, a blue shirt, a cheap handkerchief, and a disreputable looking hat. Sometimes he went from the best hotels in such clothes, and barely escaped being ejected by indignant bell-boys and doormen. At other times he would make long journeys from town to town without funds, living with "migratory labor" on the road and learning just what that type of laborer thinks of life.

In the course of his investigations Mr. Brown had countless disagreeable experiences and some which nearly cost him his life. He slept on the Denver and

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Rio Grande Railroad ash-heaps at Pueblo, Colorado, just after several unfortunates who had crawled there for warmth had been suffocated by gaseous fumes. He was thrown into bull-pens and vermin-infested jails. Sometimes he spent his nights voluntarily in such jails, with men who were forced to that disagreeable necessity rather than go through the alternative of freezing to death. One cold night in Salt Lake he sought shelter in a box car with some delicate youths who were trying to find employment in the West. The car was so cold that finally Mr. Brown was compelled to give up and seek his hotel, but not until the supposed down-and-outer had given his companions the price of lodgings elsewhere.

One of his most trying experiences occurred at Pittsburgh, where he was turned down by one charitable organization after another because he did not have a quarter for a bed and was sent away from a mission because he did not have ten cents. Finally Mr. Brown went to a park in Allegheny City, paying his last cent to get across the bridge. But at nightfall the police drove him out of the park. He turned back toward Pittsburgh and was followed by two hold-up men. He saw the gleam of a revolver as they approached him, but they turned back finally, one of the men remarking, "I told you it was nothing but a hobo." Mr. Brown walked across a railway trestle as his only means of getting back to Pittsburgh, and nearly lost his life, as he slipped and narrowly escaped falling into the stream. In Pittsburgh he was promptly "run in" by a policeman, and spent the night in the city jail, amid indescribable conditions.

The New York Municipal Lodging House as it was conducted immediately after its founding is referred to by Mr. Brown as a good example of what such an institution should be.

"I shall never forget one night I went there, disguised as a down-and-outer," he said. "I went from the Waldorf-Astoria, where I had donned my disguise, and when I told an officer I was penniless and hungry—which was true, as I did not have a cent with me and had not eaten for a considerable time—I was not treated as a felon, but had the Municipal Lodging House pointed out to me. First I was given a good meal—not a few scraps, but a first-class, well-cooked meal, of the kind that puts a man at peace with all the world. Then came a shower-bath, and as I stepped into it the attendant put a germicide on my head and good-naturedly and picturesquely described its purpose as he did so. I was given a clean nightgown and climbed into a clean, warm bed. Next to me was a poor, feeble wanderer, probably seventy years old. As he crawled into the bed—perhaps the first comfortable bed he had reposed in for years—I heard him sigh, devoutly: 'God, I thanks thee!'

"Nor are the benefits of a municipal lodging house all for men. I saw a woman and seven children come to the New York Municipal Lodging House one night—driven to the street by a drunken husband and father. Also I saw a young girl hesitate before ringing the lodging house bell. The Tenderloin was to the west and the dark river to the east. As she stood on the steps in indecision, the door opened and she was gathered into motherly arms."

(C) Harris & Ewing

EDWIN BROWN, WEALTHY PHILANTHROPIST OF DENVER, WHOSE PERSONAL INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE CONDITION OF THE JOBLESS HAVE RESULTED IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MANY MUNICIPAL LODGING HOUSES

Mr. Brown's method of establishing municipal lodging houses was through publicity. He would visit a town that seemed to be in need of such an institution and, putting on his disguise as a down-and-outer, would visit the various charitable institutions in search of lodgings. Almost without exception, he says, he has been turned down by such institutions.

"While organized charity has its place in dealing with families," said Mr. Brown, "it seems to have no place in its scheme for the individual who is totally without means or shelter and who needs immediate help. It is no use asking such men for a dime or a quarter for a bed. One might just as well ask for a dollar."

Generally Mr. Brown's quest led to his arrest as a vagrant and a night in the bull-pen. On his release he would visit the local newspaper and tell his story, and the city administration generally would "get busy" to remedy conditions on finding public sentiment aroused. One municipal lodging house after another was started through such personal efforts on Mr. Brown's part.

Mr. Brown has found, he says, that municipal lodging houses are proving to be a National asset in these days of industrial reconstruction when non-employment, especially among the unskilled classes, has again come to the fore.

"While unemployment conferences are being held," Mr. Brown says, "the unemployed man cannot wait for aid. War workers were able to save little from their high wages, because the cost of living advanced proportionately. The man out of work needs something for his immediate necessities, which a well-conducted emergency home supplies. A poorly conducted lodging house is worse than none at all.

"I do not hesitate to declare that ninety per cent of the unfortunates I have met would work if they had the opportunity. But these men, who have no place to turn, sleep in places where they contract illness from exposure. Then they crowd into the hospitals that are conducted at public expense. Many of these men drift into crime through their desperate condition. A man is hardly to be blamed for doing something desperate when he is cold, hungry, and miserable. It reminds me of what I heard a youth say at the municipal lodging house in Boston, where we were given miserable beds and where we could not eat the stuff that was given us at breakfast. The boy pushed the stuff away in disgust, saying, 'Oh, I'm going out and win a breakfast on the street.' Which meant that he was ready for something desperate that might bring him the price of a meal."

Mr. Brown is slight of frame, but his keen blue eyes tell of unusual determination. Sometimes, when carrying on investigations in big cities, he has been unable to stir out of his hotel for days, owing to the unnerving sights he has witnessed when he has been herded into some bull-pen with men who have committed no crimes. He nearly lost his life a few years ago while investigating working conditions among the sheep camps in the Far West. In throwing a heavy sheep into a dipping vat he sustained an injury which threatened to prove fatal. But as soon as he was able to stir about he began an investigation of conditions in sanatoria for the tubercular in the Rocky Mountain region. He secured employment in these institutions as a potato peeler or in any other humble capacity. As a result of his investigations he published a "white list," showing the institutions where patients received more than perfunctory care.

But lodging houses have been and still are his hobby, and when one of these municipal institutions is started it will be found generally that "Lodging House Brown" has had something, directly or indirectly, to do with it.

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BANKER-FARMER CO-OPERATION

BY MAURICE A. HAWN

"WHAT has the banker actually done for the farmer? Isn't he really holding out on the farmer?"

These are almost the exact words of a farmer in a recent farmer-banker meeting in southern Illinois. For a few seconds every one present was too surprised to speak. The farmer's question was a bolt out of a clear sky.

The meeting had been called by the local Chamber of Commerce in the hope of establishing a better understanding between farmers and bankers. The President and the former President of the State Bankers' Association had spoken at some length on the War Finance Corporation and the Federal Reserve System and had explained the banker's limitations in obtaining funds for the farmers.

The farmer's query started questions. Coming pointedly and right on the heels of speeches breathing an air of co-operation, it brought the two sides almost at bay. But even to the farmers present, with the exception of the one who asked the question and perhaps one or two more, the skepticism as to the banker's helpfulness seemed a bit too strong. To the bankers it smacked of suspicion and hostility.

But a banker did not arise to reply.

A farmer answered.

"Well," came from a corner of the room, "I'm a farmer myself. But if I had to pick out the man who's helped me most I'd pick my banker. He's stood by me even more than, I expect, he should have done."

Other statements eulogizing the banker came steadily in for a few minutes.

But the farmer who had asked for examples of the banker's co-operation was not alone. Other farmers arose during the course of an hour's discussion. And, while they did not express themselves quite so bluntly, they gave out unmistakably the impression that they did not feel that everything possible was being done for them by the banker. The meeting showed simply that in that group of perhaps fifty farmers there were five who were inclined to deprecate the banker's assistance to the farmer and who were obviously suspicious of any advances by anybody to improve relations between the two.

Of the different meetings which are held for bettering relations between manufacturer and farmer or farmer and banker, some are successful. Others are like the one just described, where the dominant impression of each group on leaving is the *need* for co-operation. Still others take on a less encouraging look because there are men present who cause friction. And, since these radicals are spokes, even though warped ones, in the wheel of agriculture, finance, or industry, they have been permitted to have their say. They are suppressed as much as conditions will permit. But when they do break out it is natural that their remarks should create an incorrect idea of the farmer.

The writer was present at a second farmer-banker meeting in which misinformed members caused even more misunderstanding among the two groups.

After a talk on courageous activity in the present depression, a talk dealing with the proved value of optimism to finance and industry and the possibilities it holds for farmers, a young farmer arose.

"We've just listened," he said, "to a talk on optimism, which is nothing more nor less than soft soap. Salves over our feelings and gets us nowhere. I don't see, myself, any particular cause for feeling encouraged.

"Other parts of the Nation have not been hit like we have. We farmers bought things at an extremely high price. We bought heavily, too. For many of the things we are still paying. But we are paying in products worth nowhere near what they were when we contracted to buy the articles.

"In other words, deflation has hit us farmers harder than any one else. It is a serious blow, too.

"And who started it? Not the farmers! Wall Street started this period of depression for its own benefit. It had bought in immense amounts when money was worth very little. Now Wall Street has been largely instrumental in the calling in of billions of dollars, thereby increasing the value of the dollars outstanding.

"Payments to Wall Street in the dollar of to-day mean much more than payments in the dollars of the date of the sale.

"It looks to me like the only way to solve the situation is to follow Germany or some similar country's example. Issue enough money to restore former conditions. Follow out Edison's and Ford's plan. Wall Street and the banks generally have crabbed things. Let's issue enough money to put us back on our feet. Let's queer Wall Street's game.

"The gold standard is a big farce, anyway.

"In closing, I want to say that the only way we farmers are going to get anywhere is by helping ourselves in some such method as the one I mentioned."

A noticeable tittering spread over the room when the young farmer sat down. His idea on the gold standard apparently amused the audience more than anything else. But the speech was spoken. It stuck in the minds of some of those present because the speaker displayed a bit more knowledge than they had about some phases of the economic situation. In other words, the speaker had just enough information to be dangerous to the meeting. His ideas weren't forgotten immediately. This could be seen from the fact that several of the less prosperous-looking farmers could be heard from time to time talking about the "paper-money" idea.

To those almost completely ignorant of economic matters nothing is more eagerly gobbled up than a plan for remedying our business ills through practically unrestricted printing of money. Several times already has this proved disastrous. But the idea pleases many.

Strange to say, even now some reports advise that Europe is prospering far beyond America. And, stranger yet, there are those who believe them. They point to the "success" of the money systems of such countries as Germany, Poland, and Russia. They do not know that the amounts of money printed in these countries are so hopelessly, inconceivably immense that they will never be redeemed; that the amounts printed by these countries alone run up into the *trillions*.

While it has been heretofore conceded that education is a very desirable thing for the progress of the country, it is now evident that greater education in some circles is an absolute necessity to business recuperation. And no better education could be given the different groups than an intimate insight into the problems of each other. Plans are afoot for something of this nature between the banker and the farmer. It will be a godsend.

The vital need of a better appreciation by each group of the other's conditions is emphasized by the occurrence in the second farmer-banker meeting just described. Such an appreciation would here have saved friction and antagonism born of a woefully incomplete and distorted idea of economic conditions.

Our different enterprises are so entirely essential to each other that one may well feel relieved and encouraged when he perceives how each branch is trying to learn more of the other and of the relation between itself and that other. If radicals can be suppressed until they are just a bit more educated, far greater progress will be made.

In a period of depression recovery may be expected in almost direct proportion to the willingness of industry, finance, and agriculture to solve problems with a view to the greatest good to the greatest number rather than particular good to some particular group.

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A RIGHT SHERIFF

BY LUCY FURMAN

IF the Kentucky mountains could be looked down upon from an airplane, they would have the appearance of the convolutions of a coral. The ridges, not high, but so steep that the effect of height is produced, twist, turn, double, and wind until they form a maze through which no stranger could hope to find his way. There is practically no level land anywhere, except narrow strips of bottom along the larger creeks. The roads are usually in the creek beds or just alongside.

A more ideal country for moonshining could not be imagined. Though corn-fields often extend half-way up the steep mountain-sides, the upper part of the ridges is always timbered, and at their very summit are usually the "high rocks," with their fissures, grottoes, and other hiding-places. Also horizontally through all the ridges run coal veins—any man can climb varying distances into his corn-field and open him up a "coal bank," digging out all the family needs with his pick—and an old coal bank makes a fine place for a still.

For more than a century the people of the mountains have been accustomed to still their own "corn liquor," just as they have made their own cider or brandy. The excise laws they have looked upon as unjust and extortionate. They have said that a man has a perfect right to use the corn he raises in any way he sees fit, and that it is no business of the Government's. County officers, even in counties that were nominally "dry," have seldom undertaken any enforcement of liquor laws. Circuit judges have sometimes imposed fines upon the sellers of liquor, when they could be caught. A few years ago it was no uncommon sight to see "rat-houses"—small log structures seven or eight feet square, with a tiny window or hole toward the road. Through this hole a buyer would pass his jug or bottle and his money. A hand from the inner darkness would receive both, and shortly the jug would be passed out again, filled. As only the hand of the "rat" was ever seen by the buyer, he would never be able to swear who had sold him the liquor, and sellers were seldom convicted. As to the moonshiners, or stillers, who made the liquor, the hunting of them was left entirely to Federal revenue officers, who came in only at rare intervals, with small knowledge of the country; and of their coming the moonshiners were sometimes forewarned by the very sheriffs themselves, so that their raids accomplished little.

About forty years ago the corners of three counties, remote from the county seats and particularly noted for their lawlessness, were cut off and made into the county of Knott. For years the new county continued to live up to its reputation—there was a feud or "war" of eighteen years' duration, there were numerous killings (a "killing" is never a "murder" in the mountains), and every "citizen" was more or less a law unto himself. Though in the past twenty years there have been fewer homicides and felonies, moonshining has gone on unchecked, and this in spite of the fact that the county has been for years nominally "dry."

When Andrew Combs, of Hindman, the county seat of three hundred people on the forks of Troublesome Creek, took office as Sheriff of Knott County in January, 1918, it was with the determination that the laws should be enforced. Andrew is a fine, strong, silent man, whose every feature bespeaks will power, force, grim courage. He said nothing, made no promises, but went quietly to work.

The results of his four years in office and the varying ways in which they are regarded may be gathered from two remarks, one repeatedly made by mountain wives and mothers to the women of the Hindman Settlement School, which has been for twenty years established in the county: "I tell you, women, we have got a right sheriff now! He's a-breaking up stills, and tarrifying the stillers, and saving our boys for us!" and a second, voiced by a venerable citizen, who, shaking his white beard with vehemence, declared: "Eh law, this fifty-dollar-a-still bounty is the pure ruin of the county, making men turn traitor again' their own flesh and blood and hunt 'em down like varmints!"

Even in the old days, when "corn liquor" was only a dollar or two dollars a gallon, stilling was profitable. When war times, the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment, and the building up of numerous mining towns within marketable distance sent the price soaring to forty and sixty dollars a gallon, the increase of the business may be imagined.

In the first place, a description of a mountain still may be of interest. A safe spot is found, usually high in a wooded hollow, sometimes behind a fallen rock, or in a sink-hole or an old coal bank, but always alongside a little stream of water. Then the furnace, a round affair made in the shape of the metal still which is set within it, but a little larger, is built of flat rocks cemented together with mud. At the bottom of it, and just over the fire, is a large flat rock, covered thickly with moss or clay, so that the bottom of the still will not be heated, but the flames will pass up and around the sides of the vessel, making an intense heat. The top of the furnace is closed over with stones, except for one small hole through which the smoke escapes. The still itself usually holds from forty to a hundred gallons, and may be made of two metal wash-tubs bradded together, or of a metal oil tank or barrel, but is often made of copper sheeting, shaped and bradded by hand. In the top, over a hole twelve inches in diameter, is a metal arm or "snout," tapering off to a small size and connecting with the coil of copper pipe which constitutes the "worm." This worm rests in a barrel or "flake-stand" alongside the still, and through this barrel cold running water, conducted from a stream above, continually flows. The still itself and the worm, being precious are always lifted out of furnace and flake-stand when not in actual use and securely hidden away.

Half a dozen or more oil or flour barrels have been procured and stand near ready for the "mash." Also the "malt corn" has been prepared by sprouting, say, a bushel of ordinary corn in a wet warm place, then drying it, sprouts and all, and then grinding in a sausage mill, after which it may be kept indefinitely.

The moonshiner takes the corn from his crib in his wooden sled, drawn by a mule or a couple of steers, and goes to mill (there are numerous log water mills scattered along the creeks), returning with so many "pokes" of meal. The still is set in the furnace and a quantity of water heated. Then about a bushel and a quarter of meal is put into the bottom of each barrel, and enough warm water poured into it to make a "dough." This is well stirred until equally heated, and then a layer of malt is spread over it an inch or two thick. This "dough" stands for twenty-four hours, when it is broken and stirred up, malt and meal together, and enough warm water poured in to fill up the barrel. This remains about six days, fermenting, and is called the "beer" or "mash," and is very sour.

When the six days are ended, the still is again brought up and set in the furnace and well domed over with rock, and the worm is also brought from its hiding-place and set in its barrel, armed guards keep lookout, and the real business of "stilling" begins. The beer is poured into the still, a barrelful at a time, and an intensely hot fire is built under it. As it boils the steam escapes up through the metal snout and into the worm, passing through the cold coils, in which it is distilled, running out into a bucket or other receptacle alongside the barrel. To "run off" a stillful usually takes about two hours, and six barrels of "beer" would take twelve hours. No stop is made until all the beer is thus boiled and run off. This is the time of greatest danger to the stillers, when the most vigilant watch must be kept. Often

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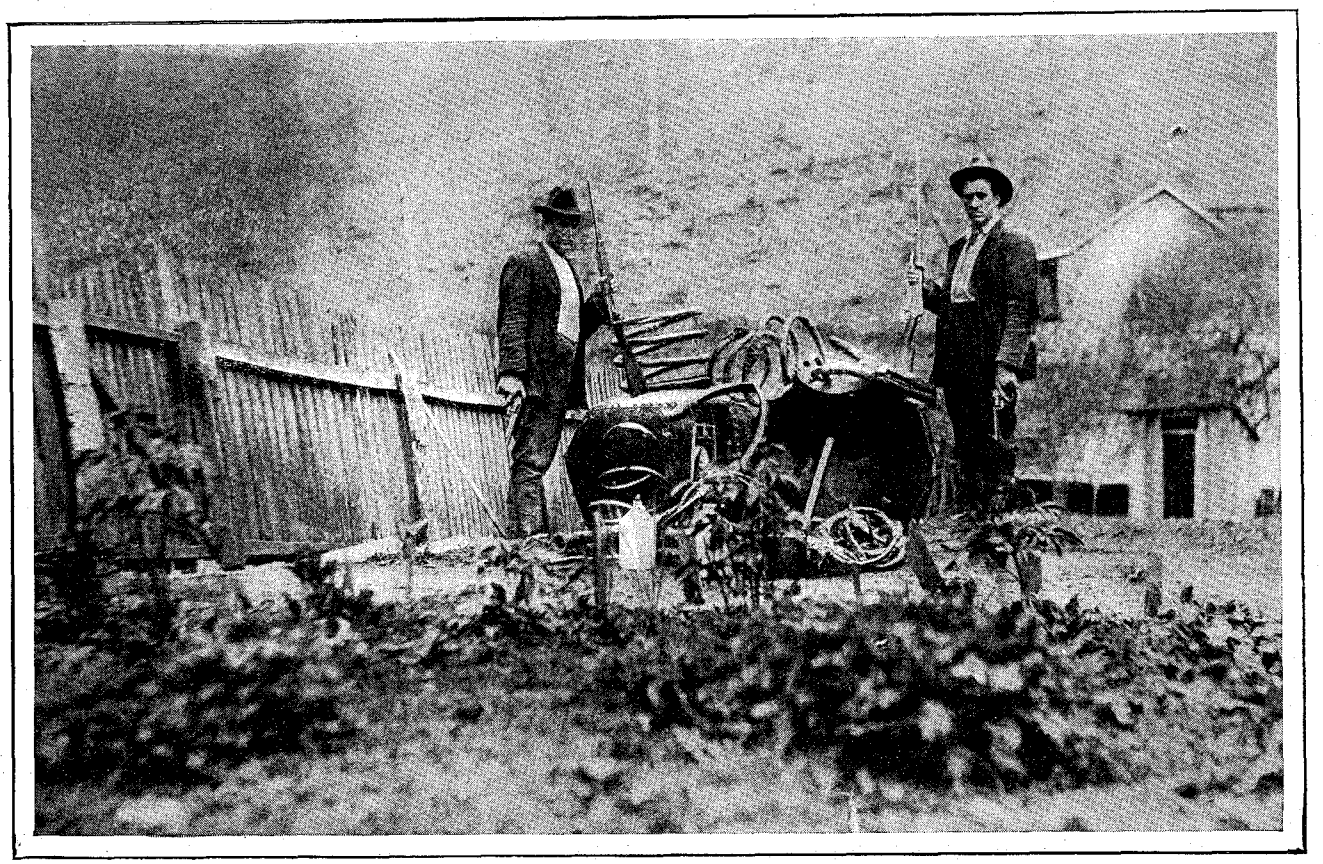

ANDREW (AT RIGHT) AND A DEPUTY, WITH STILL

it is done at night, so that the smoke will not be seen. Thence has come the name "moonshining."

The fluid obtained from this first distillation is called the "singlings," of which there will be about fifty gallons from six barrels of "beer." The singlings is not fit for use, being too weak. It is then put back into the still and boiled in the same way and redistilled, emerging this time very strong, the first "shots" being almost pure alcohol and like fire to the tongue, and far too strong to drink. But it becomes weaker all the time; and either the strong and weak are mixed together or the strong is diluted with water, to make it drinkable.

A very recent innovation is the "thumping keg," an ingenious arrangement placed between the still and the worm, which shortens the process of distillation about one-half.

Like all truly brave men, Andrew Combs is extremely modest and silent, and it was a most difficult thing to get him to talk about the experiences of his four years in office.

"I have never hunted stillers by riding along the creeks and main roads," he said; "they always have watchers out, and then, too, whenever a moonshiner finds you are in his neighborhood he will carry the news to every other moonshiner before you can possibly get there.

"Usually I would slip out of my home after midnight and would ride while it was dark, and then before day take to the ridges, afoot—I and whatever deputy or deputies happened to be with me. We would then scatter out in the timber, in any place where we had reason to think there was a still, and come in on the stillers from different sides.

"One time I and my brother got one located right below the mouth of Big Branch of Ball. At the mouth of Clear Creek we took to the ridges and came out on Big Branch. The still was in a hollow that sloped down from the top of the ridge to a big rock. Just below this big rock, in a deep hole, it was set up. We saw them just building the fire under the furnace. One man was out with a double-barreled shotgun, finger on trigger, watching the road down below, never thinking of any one coming down on him from the ridges. We watched for two hours, hoping to get the drop on him; but he would not turn his gun loose a minute. The other fellow had a gun, too; though he was tending the fire, he always kept his gun in one hand. I slipped along down and got behind a tree near the still, and at last the man who was tending the fire came up about half-way to me, set his gun against a tree, and turned back again to the fire, when I stepped out, picked up his gun and arrested him. Then my brother came down, and I handed him this gun and told him to stay by the still, and I would try to get the other fellow, who had just gone around past the big rock on his beat watching the road. I took after him and ran him a long way, but he finally escaped.

"Often when I and my deputies would get wind of a still one of us would slip to the place and see what stage of the game it was in. By examining the barrels of mash we could tell almost to the hour when they would be ready to run it off, and then we could be on hand and take, not only the still, but the men too.

"One time I heard there was a big still on Mallet Branch of Carr. We went up and crossed the gap in the mountain, and there left our nags and took to the ridge. On the far side was a cleared field, and we could see a big bunch of men down in the head of the hollow. We made a circuit and finally slipped down and got within ten steps of that still and stayed there for fifteen minutes, listening. There were thirteen men and some boys, all sitting there working at the still and talking, and all pretty drunk. Suddenly I spoke, turned my gun on them, searched them all for guns, arrested them, and chopped the still up and set fire to everything I could. I saw one of the old men trying to motion to a young man who was coming up the hill with a lot of fruit-jars, but he failed to see the warning. When he arrived, I said to him, 'Are you bringing us some dinner?' He said, 'No, I brought these to put my liquor in.' Then, in a flash, he saw who I was, and was sorry he had spoken.

"Occasionally a still will be quite near a house. One I recall was not a hundred yards from the house. A little pen was built around it; it might have been a hog-pen. Although I had reason to think there was a still on this place, I had no idea it was down by the house, and walked right into it. When I was almost up against it, one of the boys

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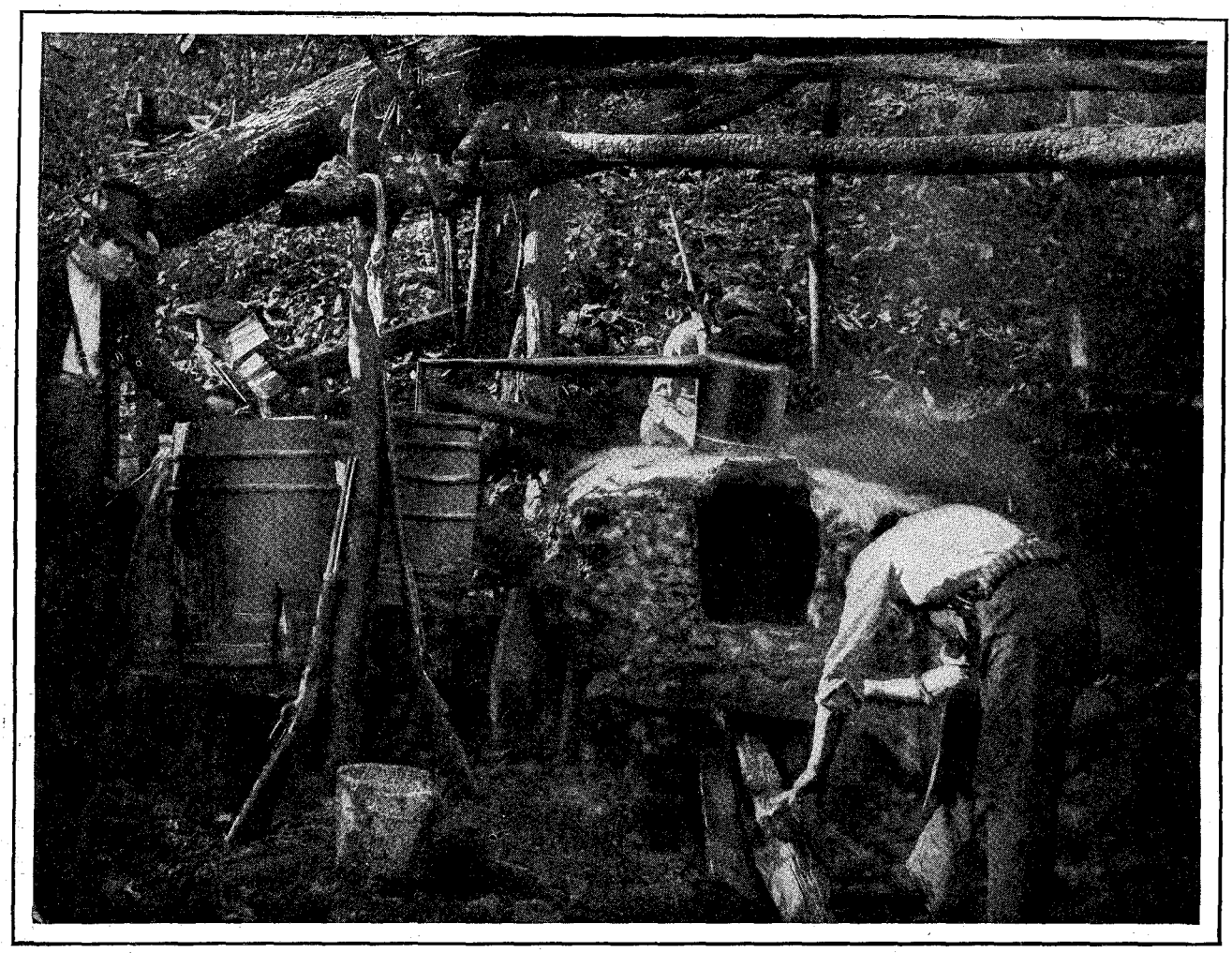

A MOONSHINE STILL IN OPERATION

popped his head above the pen, and I turned my gun on him. Then the other raised up, and I got him too. About three gallons of liquor were already run off, and a good stream was still running. While I was cutting up things the third brother walked in, and was taken.

"Another time I was going up a hill where I had noticed a slick trail from the house to a hollow above, and right in the path met a moonshiner carrying the still on his shoulders. He was all bent over under it, and could not see me, and was an astonished man when I arrested him.

"The most perfect still place I ever saw was right out in the middle of a steep, open field, where an old coal bank had been. The man had dug out the entrance, deepening and widening it a lot, until he had a place in there about eight by sixteen feet. Then he had covered it over with slanting boards, and thrown dirt back all over them, leaving just a crack or two for light. When you looked over the field, you saw absolutely nothing. The only way I discovered it was that he had a pipe buried, through which the slop was run off, emptying out quite a distance down the hill, and I happened to notice the white-looking sediment there on the ground. The man is in Federal prison now.

"Another time I saw smoke on top of a ridge over beyond Hollybush, and went up to investigate. There, right on top of the ridge, in a grape-viney patch where a small stream of water came out of some big rocks, was a still, with the men working at it. It was a very dry time, and the leaves on the ground crackled so I found it difficult to slip up on them, hiding behind trees as I came. But I managed to get within a few feet, behind a rock, where I could hear their whole conversation and watch them work with the still, filling it up with beer, etc. One of the men was a very good old man, Uncle Jimmy ——, sixty-six years old. He was terribly downfallen when I stepped out and arrested him. He said: 'You don't need to search any of us for weapons, for we hain't got any; we didn't come here to fight.' He said to one of his boys, 'Joe, I wisht you never had found that spring there.' He was such a nice, peaceable old man I hated bad to have to take him to jail.

"But they are not usually peaceable like that. One time we heard a man was running a still, and found it right in his house, where he had hidden it for safekeeping. He himself was up in the field hoeing corn, and we waited below until he came down to dinner, and then surrounded the house. He saw us when he was almost there, and jumped out over the palings and a high bank, barefooted, and went right into the brush. We got his two brothers when they came in, however. The first man got him a pistol and followed us when we left, and when we came out from getting our dinner at the house of one of my deputies, Green Gayheart, near by, he started in firing at us from above. He fired five or six bullets at us, and barely missed me. Finally I located the blaze of his pistol, and almost hit him, but he got away. Then he went off and got a high-power rifle and came back to Green's and laid for him. Green was starting out, and went to the little branch by his house to wash the mud off his shoes, and was stooping over, with one foot on a little pole in the branch, when a steel ball hit right between his feet and nearly knocked him down. Then as Green went into the house he shot at him again, just missing him. Several times since the men of this family have ambushed us, hiding behind logs or rocks, and one time they certainly would have killed Green if one of his boys had not discovered their hiding-place and turned him back.

"On the same creek, which is a very bad one for moonshining, another of my deputies was killed last summer, Lawrence Conley. A noted desperado did the shooting, but was paid two hundred

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dollars to do so by two men, 'moonshine kings,' who were concerned in a lot of stills.

"Sometimes there is a real battle. We had broken up a still on Buck Lick Branch of Ball early one morning, after riding most of the night. While the still things were burning I saw a small boy running in the valley below, and knew he was taking the word to somebody, but did not know who. We continued along the ridge and came out at the head of a fork of Buckhorn, and heard a noise down in the hollow and a man saying, 'They are sure coming!' Looking over a big cliff, I could see a crowd of men right down under me, all arming and getting ready—there were thirty or forty—and just below them was a big still in the branch. I heard one of them, Old George ——, say, 'Here's the place to get them,' and he climbed up on a jutting rock, or small cliff, with his gun. My deputies came in sight about that time, on the ridge, and all hands went to shooting. Old George jumped right off of his rock, twenty feet high, and the others dropped down behind logs. I ran down, found Old George crawling around below the rock with blood all over his hands, took his gun, and then stayed on his rock shooting and trying to hold the men all down about the still so they could not get away. Our boys kept right on down the hill, while I stood on the rock guarding them. There was a real battle, with lots of shooting on both sides. Finally I went down myself, hoping that we could round them up and take them all. But one of them slipped around and got on the rock where I had been and began shooting into us, and the first thing to do was to put him out of business; and while I was attending to him the others got away, except old George.

"While we were destroying the still the wife of the man whose land it was on (she was a sister-in-law of one of the deputies) rushed out on us and said, 'You just can't destroy our still—I hain't going to stand for it!' and talked and hollered and tore her hair and did everything she could think of. She said to her brother-in-law, 'If you stick an ax in it, I will bust your head!' He said, 'All right, go ahead.' He came down on it with the ax, and she picked up a big rock and flung it at him. It just missed. She kept right on rocking him and us until the still was all destroyed.

"Right often we have lively times with the women. One woman down on Beaver, where we found a still, prayed and cursed and went on at a great rate, trying to claim they didn't know about it being there. But I told her it was no use, that I saw that the rived boards they had over the beer barrels were exactly like those she had on her chicken-house and warm-bed.

"Another time when we had found a still over on Jones's Fork of Beaver, right in the middle of a man's field, I had no ax to cut it up with, and said to my deputy, 'I will go down to the house and get one.' Before I left I noticed some fresh hog meat up at the still that the men had been eating when they saw us coming and ran. I went down and stepped into the kitchen, and there sat three women, one of them cleaning hog's feet with a big butcher knife, and there was plenty of other fresh hog's meat around. I asked for an ax. The woman said nothing at first. Then she said, 'It looks like if you are in that business you would fetch your own ax.' I told her it was too much trouble to carry. Then I walked out in the yard and picked up an ax I saw lying there. She got up, knife in hand, and said, 'You shan't take my ax.' She charged right down on me with the butcher knife. I paid no attention to her, but went right on up and cut up the still. While we were in the midst of it her man began to shoot at us from high up in the timber. He shot some fifteen or twenty times. The bullets were just singing around us, but fortunately they were a little high to get us.

"But the nearest call we ever had was one night at the end of a three-day raid, during which we had destroyed ten stills altogether, with 5,885 gallons of beer and 267 gallons of whisky. Three of these, on Middle Fork of Quicksand, were under one large roof, about twenty feet square, made of boards rived from a big oak log that lay on the ground near by. One of these stills was made from an oil tank, one from a metal oil barrel, and one from a metal cracker barrel. There were also three worms and three flake-stands, and there were 2,680 gallons of beer, contained in eighteen oil barrels, one hogshead, and four large boxes. Two of these stills had big fires under them, the third was just in the mash stage. Just as we reached this still they began to shoot down on us from a spur just up the branch, and a bullet hit the leaves just above my head. We scattered out and ran up and tried to catch them, but they got away in the timber. Then we cut and burnt up everything, and the roof being very dry, it made a grand fire.

"After destroying several other stills on Shepherd's Branch of Quicksand, we came the third day by the head of Salt Lick across the mountain to Bee Tree Branch of Licking, where we cut up another, then to Trace Fork of Licking, where we cut up two more. Night came on, and we tried to find a place to stay all night, but everybody around there was moonshining, and nobody would take us in. Finally we rode up to a widow woman's who had a big barn and a big house. She said she had no room for us, but we told her if she would let us stay in her barn in the hay we would be thankful for that. The barn was about a hundred yards from the house, on the road, down next to the creek. We put up and fed our horses and then went into the house for supper—the woman had said she would get us a little—each man eating with his gun beside him. While we were eating a man came to the gate and called the old woman out to the fence, and would not even talk to her there, but made her go down the road with him about twenty paces. We did not like the looks of this very much.

"After eating we went to the barn, which was nearly full of hay, hung up our lanterns in three different places, made us nests in the hay, and lay down and went to sleep, six of us in a row. About the time we dozed off a thirty-two pistol bullet cracked, and in just a thought the bullets were coming in on us from three or four different places on the hill above—bullets from high-power rifles, 45 automatics, 32 automatics, 45 Colts, shotguns, and others; we found shells the next morning from eight different kinds of guns. The high-power bullets cut a plank in two within six inches of a deputy's head. Splinters were flying, bullets were whizzing and whistling as thick as hail through the loft and above our heads. I have never understood how any of us escaped alive.

"As soon as I made sure all the boys were awake, I grabbed my gun—all our guns were in one corner together—blew out the lantern which was hanging nearest over us, jumped down from the loft, ran outside, and began locating the men by the flash of their guns. As soon as I would locate one bunch, I would let them have my fire. By this time the boys had all gotten down out of the loft with their guns and blown out the other lanterns, and then we all got out in the corn-field and tried to locate them if they shot any more. After waiting there for some little time, I had the boys light the lanterns again, hoping that would draw their fire; but they were done. Finally we climbed back in the hay again and went to sleep, and had a good rest. When we went in to breakfast next morning, I remarked to a young man who sat at the table that somebody had been drunk and trying to shoot around in the road last night. We went up before leaving, and found signs where a number of men had been—two behind a big rock, others in three or four spots—with shells of various sorts lying around, and one fine heavy automatic pistol. Although later we made inquiries, we could get no trace of anybody, the entire neighborhood being moonshiners."

In Andrew's term, which expired in January, there were destroyed 142 stills, 35 worms, 26,850 gallons of beer, 784 gallons fermenting meal, 228 gallons of singlings, with 17 guns captured, and 138 men captured and indicted, with 25 more to be indicted.

Unfortunately, a sheriff cannot succeed himself. Whether there will ever be any further enforcement of liquor laws in Knott County remains to be seen.

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE "GRAND PERHAPS"

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

LIFE has often been compared to a voyage. We are all on shipboard, passengers and crew, coming from we know not where, sailing we know not whither, under a captain whom we never see.

The scientists study the vessel in which we are embarked. What is its structure? what its mechanical contrivances? How can we make the journey with greater ease and comfort? They also study the mechanical structure of the passengers; their nerves, muscles, blood-vessels, digestive and breathing apparatus. The value of the service rendered to their fellow-passengers by these scientific students is incalculable. A few of them have concluded that the passengers are automata, doing what unseen mechanical forces compel them to do. This theory of life is called sometimes materialistic, sometimes mechanistic. Whatever place it has made for itself in the schools, it has never had any considerable influence on social organization or the conduct of life.

The artists are apparently employed in enhancing the pleasure of the voyage: in decoration, music, literature, entertainment. But the more serious of them are animated by a higher purpose. They express beauty in color, form, sound, ideas and ideals—that is, in painting, sculpture, music, and literature—and this does much more than add to happiness; it adds to life. By expressing for us what we cannot express for ourselves they elevate, inspire, enrich the lives of their fellow-passengers.

The philosophers study themselves and their fellows. They seek to ascertain what is the meaning of the voyage, whence these passengers came, whither they are going, what duties they owe to one another, what duties, if any, they owe to their captain, and what they can learn about his character. Much of the prosperity of the voyage depends upon getting the right answer to these questions.

Says Amiel in his journal:

> In every union there is a mystery—a certain invisible bond which must not be disturbed. This vital bond in the filial relation is respect; in friendship, esteem; in marriage, confidence; in the collective life, patriotism; in the religious life, faith.

Respect, esteem, confidence, patriotism, faith, are not objects to be observed, they are experiences, and as experiences must be studied. What they are and how they may be developed, trained, harmonized, it is the object of philosophy to ascertain and report. The understanding of them is at least as important to civilization as the understanding of steam and electricity. But science cannot investigate them. Science can only investigate what it can observe.

Scientific demonstration of ethical and spiritual truth is impossible. All that the scientists can do is to check up the philosophers and tell them whether their interpretations of the *inner* life are inconsistent with what scientific students have discovered in the *outer* life. Religious convictions, like artistic convictions, are in the scientific laboratory only hypotheses, but they are not less certain on that account. They are more certain. We *know* what we have experienced within more surely than we know what we have deduced from the observation of external phenomena. The "Grand Perhaps" becomes an absolute certainty when it is a fruit of the common experience of mankind. "The highest philosophy," says Kant, quoted approvingly by Huxley, "in dealing with the most important concerns in humanity is able to take us no further than the guidance which she affords to the commonest understanding."

This brief and therefore necessarily imperfect and inadequate statement of the essential difference between scientific and religious investigation will, I hope, enable the reader to apprehend a very brief statement of the respective values of the two books[1] which have called forth this article. The character of each is fairly indicated by its title.

Sir Henry Jones in his opening chapter demands absolute freedom of inquiry in religious thought, unhindered by any reverence for tradition. He justly says: "Religion not only cannot but ought not to satisfy the heart of man and control his emotions and will unless it also satisfies the intelligence." To the intelligence Sir Henry Jones appeals; and, while he recognizes the truth that to a purely scientific investigator the convictions of spiritual faith are what Browning has made Bishop Blougram call them, a "grand perhaps," they are none the less on that account to be accepted and acted upon in life. "The Perhaps" of religion, says Sir Henry, "is so magnificent, if it is true: for it gives new worth to everything! While, without it, life is at best petty, its interests are shallow, and it passes away so soon! Indifference as to the truth of this 'Perhaps' is not easy for man and it is not wise."

The conclusion of the Christian religion, confirmed by a broad experience, and therefore much more than a "perhaps" to the Christian, he thus embodies in a pregnant sentence in his closing chapter: "The religion of Love, which Christianity is, undoubtedly identifies the destiny of God and man: God suffers in our sufferings and rejoices in our joys. He is our Father; and he moves with us, because he moves in us."

"A Student's Philosophy of Religion" has grown out of lectures delivered to students and is essentially a book for students. Professor Wright is not an advocate, but an investigator, and he leads the student by a laboratory method to conclusions which are frankly but not dogmatically stated. He defines religion as "an endeavor to secure the conservation of socially recognized values." In the first half of his book he applies this definition to an examination of the great world religions and notes the unique gift which Christianity has bestowed upon the world: "The matchless personality of Jesus Christ, a personality from whom men may gain a fuller appreciation of moral values, and a reinforcement of their wills so that they may be able to realize these values in their lives." In the last half of his volume he takes up the various theological problems of our time, still as an investigator, and presents his conclusions, stating the problems with great frankness These conclusions are based on experience, not on scientific or quasi-scientific argument:

> "This is a moral universe, that is, it is a universe that recognizes and seeks to achieve moral ends."
>
> "If man would try to find God he must not look without, though God in some sense is everywhere—but must look within."
>
> "The efficiency of prayer is a matter of immediate experience; the existence and nature of God are difficult philosophical questions upon which it is unnecessary for the worshiper to make up his mind in order to receive the benefits of prayer."
>
> "In prayer and other forms of religious experience (at least those of a more rational and intellectual character) man becomes aware of God and is strengthened by Him for the performance of his tasks."
>
> "The man who walks through life with the aid of the Great Companion surely ought to be, and usually is, a wiser, stronger, and better man than one who has to rely solely upon his own efforts and those of his fellowmen. Has a man a *right* to such a belief, however, in view of its uncertainty? . . . There can be but one answer to the question. He certainly has this right."

These disjointed sentences may serve here to indicate the general character of the conclusions of Professor Wright and the spiritual foundation on which they are based. We can best describe his spirit by applying to him the words which he has used in describing Dr. Hastings Rashdall: "Dr. Rashdall's books are among the most helpful in existence for the Christian student who believes that an absolutely honest and

---

[1] A Faith That Enquires. The Gifford Lectures for the Years 1920–1921. By Sir Henry Jones. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.
A Student's Philosophy of Religion. By William Kelley Wright, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.75.

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fearless study of philosophy will be of more value to him in the end than the obscurantism usually found in religious books written by and for clergymen."

"A Student's Philosophy of Religion" we recommend to the special consideration of ministers who are also students—that is, who do not allow parish problems so to absorb their attention as to prevent their continuing courses of careful study. It will give the student admirable pictures of the great world religions, and it will help him to understand what both professional and amateur philosophers are thinking about and how to give them sane and spiritual co-operation in their thinking.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

ALL THE WAY BY WATER. By Elizabeth Stancy Payne. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.

A helter-skelter tale of a girl pursued by detectives for a supposed crime. She takes refuge on a yacht, whose owner aids her to escape and inevitably falls in love with her. Lively, if not probable.

"BROKEN STOWAGE." By David W. Bone. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

In seagoing parlance, "broken stowage" means the small lots of freight put in corners in the hold not needed for main cargo. It is an appropriate name, therefore, for this book of odds and ends about the sea in the way of sketches, talks, and tales written by the author of "The Brassbounder," a volume which gave pleasure and amusement to lovers of the sea and sea lore.

COPPER STREAK TRAIL. By Eugene M. Rhodes. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.

In this story of the cowland and the mining country Mr. Rhodes, who is a practiced and successful teller of Western tales, unites into one romance several incidents of an exciting kind. The action is rapid and one's attention is fully held.

COVERED WAGON (THE). By Emerson Hough. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Hough always enjoys visualizing the pioneer advance in our West and the adventures and hardships of those who pushed forward into a new country. In this new novel he compels us to admire the purpose, courage, and sincerity of the men who trekked across the continent and relates incidents of danger and endurance with graphic power. As a novel this is hardly as good as Mr. Quick's "Vandemark's Folly," but as a piece of fictional description it is excellent.

DA SILVA'S WIDOW. By Lucas Malet. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Short stories by Mrs. Harrison, daughter of Charles Kingsley and best known as the author of "Sir Richard Calmady." Each deals with a dramatic situation or a single human problem.

LOVE-STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON. By Gilbert Frankau. The Century Company, New York. $2.

Two things stand out with almost startling reality in this story of English life. One is the fox-hunting scene, which is described in such detail and with such gusto that one knows the author must have followed the hounds himself; the other is the murder trial, to which the whole situation in the book leads up and the relation of which is dramatic and moving in a high degree. As a love story—and the author challenges criticism in this direction by his title—the narrative is at times too passionate and at others so long drawn out as to make one wish that the book moved more rapidly.

WANDERING JEW (THE). By E. Temple Thurston. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

The reason for the publication of this play is in doubt unless it was to afford an example of what a shoddy piece of dramatic technique an excellent light novelist can turn out. Strangely enough, any literary qualities that might be supposed to form a part of any enterprise by Mr. Thurston are equally lacking. The famous theme of the Wandering Jew is shaped into a rather tawdry melodrama which reaches its climax in a Spanish Inquisition scene.

WINTER BELL (THE). By Henry M. Rideout. Illustrated. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.75.

A well-knit tale of a stalwart woodsman falsely accused of murder on convincing but misleading evidence. His out-of-doors spirit is almost, but not quite, crushed by the village lockup, the contumely heaped upon him by the mob, and the bewildering experience of trial, conviction, and State's prison. But a charming vein of romance runs through the story, and when release comes happiness comes with it.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CANNIBAL-LAND. By Martin Johnson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The sporadic cannibalism of the poor, decadent savages who inhabit certain of the South Sea islands is "played up" in this book for all that it is worth, or more. Nevertheless the author makes an interesting story of his experiences in trying to obtain moving pictures of the supposed cannibals and their feasts. The photograph of the chief Nagapate was worth going far to get.

NATURALIST IN LA PLATA (THE). By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

The sixth edition of a standard book on South American animals and birds—one of Mr. Hudson's earliest books. Written in his characteristically entertaining style.

OLD PARK STREET AND ITS VICINITY. By Dr. Robert Means Lawrence. Houghton Mifflin Company, New York. $3.

Boston is rich in traditions of great men and events, and many of these traditions are recorded in this book in a way that will interest every lover of New England. Park Street is one of the shortest of streets, being but the length of a city block, but it has had many famous residents and its annals are long. The street was worthy of a book, and the book is worthy of the street.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

BLUEGRASS CAVALIER (A). By Edwin Carlile Lilsey. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $1.75.

BLUE CIRCLE (THE). By Elizabeth Jordan. The Century Company, New York. $1.90.

HOMELAND. By Margaret Hill McCarter. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.90.

IN THE MORNING OF TIME. By Charles G. D. Roberts. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.90.

JIMINY. By Gilbert W. Gabriel. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

KIMONO. By John Paris. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

LINE OF LOVE (THE). By James Branch Cabell. With an Introduction by H. L. Mencken. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

MOON OUT OF REACH (THE). By Margaret Pedler. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.90.

PURPLE SPRINGS. By Nellie L. McClung. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.90.

RAHAB. By Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

RICH LITTLE POOR BOY (THE). By Eleanor Gates. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

ROAD TO THE WORLD (THE). By Webb Waldron. The Century Company, New York. $1.90.

SWEET WATERS. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.

POETRY

FIRE BIRD (THE). By Gene Stratton Porter. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.75.

WINGS OF TIME (THE). By Elizabeth Newport Hepburn. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.90.

SCIENCE

STORY OF DRUGS (THE). A Popular Exposition of Their Origin, Preparation and Commercial Importance. By Henry C. Fuller. Illustrated. (The Century Books of Useful Science.) The Century Company, New York. $3.

MISCELLANEOUS

ESSENTIALS OF INDUSTRIAL COSTING. By George S. Armstrong, C.E., M.E. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

INTERNATIONAL FINANCE AND ITS REORGANIZATION. By Elisha M. Friedman. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.

NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND ART (THE). By Benjamin Brawley. Illustrated. Duffield & Co., New York.

NEW HOMES FOR OLD. By S. P. Breckenridge. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

NOVISSIMA VERBA: LAST WORDS 1920. By Frederic Harrison. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

OLD STONE AGE (THE). By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

OUTLINE OF WELLS (AN). By Sidney Dark. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

PEACE OF JUSTICE (THE). By Raphael-Georges Levy. Preface by Raymond Poincaré. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

PENOLOGY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Louis N. Robinson, Ph.D. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $3.

TEN YEARS AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES. By Baron von Eckardstein. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

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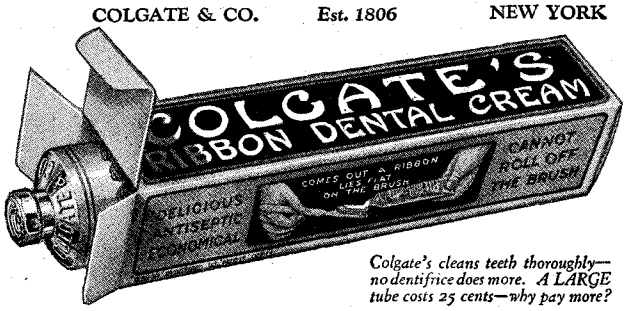

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THE WEEK-END WILD MAN

BY J. C. LONG

PROBABLY every dweller in civilization, whether of Main Street or the metropolis, dreams of breaking loose some time and getting back to "fundamentals." He wants to go "out where the West begins." Or he pictures himself on some long summer canoeing trip in Alaska. Perhaps his fancy turns to Alaska, or to the mystic beauties of central Asia. At any rate, he wants a change. He wants primarily wild country and fresh air. He wants to shake off confining routine.

But this dweller is an ordinary sort of chap leading an ordinary life. He has perhaps but two weeks' vacation during the year, which he finds have, somehow or other, been scheduled for visits to his own folks and to his wife's relatives. So he puts away his dream of the wilderness and lives with a sense of being thwarted.

To-day, however, thousands are finding that they can be week-end wild men. All they need to do is to step into a motor car, make certain inquiries, and they will soon be finding their way off the beaten path into the longed-for wilderness. Within week-end motoring distance, within about sixty to seventy miles or less, of the biggest cities in the country can be found great deserted areas where man can commune with the stillness and the stars.

New York City residents can find camping grounds in the Catskills at such places as Chichester, northeast of Kingston, or they can visit the State Forests of North Jersey, which are only three hours away from Jersey City. In these reserves are the ridge and western slope of the Kittatinny Mountains. Here camp sites, spring water, trout fishing, and small game hunting in season are offered free to the public. Three lakes where fishing, boating, and hunting may be had are near by. The camp sites available are of several kinds; some of them near good roads, some in clearings or old fields, and some deep in the woods. New Jersey resident applications receive first attention, but visitors from other States are welcomed.

The Bostonian will find camping accommodations at Wellesley, or he can purchase a permanent site for his exclusive use in wooded areas which may be found not many miles from the city.

The resident of Philadelphia is not far from the Pocono Mountains and the Delaware Water Gap. He can also find solace in the forests of South Jersey. The "Penn State" Forest of the South Jersey group is five miles east of Chatsworth, on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and consists of 2,700 acres of pine and cedar forest in one of the wildest sections of that State.

Not far from Cleveland is the camping-ground of Marblehead, located on a peninsula combining the advantages of water and woodland. There is also another wooded camp site near by, at Amherst, Ohio.

There are thousands of square miles of woodland available at moderate prices on the east coast of Michigan, but the transient Detroiter who does not own his own shack in the woods can find accommodations in the outskirts of such communities as Milford and Tecumseh.

There are dozens of towns in Illinois which have set apart outlying woodlands for visitors where the Chicago man can find fresh air and outdoor life.

As one works farther west, the possibilities for a quick journey into the wilderness become increasingly easy. The Rocky Mountain National Park is within ready motoring distance from Denver. California abounds in free playgrounds. There is the Angeles National Forest near Los Angeles, the Santa Barbara National Forest a little farther north, and about seventy-five miles above San Francisco begin the Trinity National Forests.

The beginning week-end wildman would do well to consult such motoring organizations as the American Automobile Association or local motor clubs for maps and information regarding camp sites. He may find it well to initiate his experiences in week-end camping by going to those sites provided by various townships. There he will likely be able to find stoves, shelter, sometimes even hewn wood and electricity, already provided. As he becomes less of a tenderfoot he may branch out into the wilder areas. Then he can write to his State Forester and learn where there are camps in the real wildernesses.

The State Forester is usually a man after whom many other politicians might pattern. There is not usually much money in his job. He is doing it primarily for the love of the work, and he will take pains to help all those wishing to visit his domains. The State Forester of California, for instance, has made a thorough study of the wild man's requirements and makes these suggestions for his equipment:

Clothing.—An old business suit of corduroy, khaki, or overall material. Include a sweater or mackinaw, and figure on medium-weight underwear.

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should be of wool, medium-weight, or two pairs of medium-weight cotton. Shoes should be stout, easy on the feet, with soles heavy enough for hobnails. A flannel shirt half size larger than usual should be worn. Leggins of canvas or leather are an advantage, and buckskin gloves without cuffs are best for general use. The hat may be of felt or cloth, with a moderately wide brim.

Bed.—Air mattresses are the most comfortable beds for the mountains, since they can be placed even on bare rocks. There are, however, a number of objections to them, one of which is their cost.

Bedding.—The most serviceable bedding is an eiderdown quilt, with an extra covering of denim, and two light wool blankets. The quilt can be pinned with blanket pins along the bottom or side to form a sleeping bag. Wool quilts can be substituted for eiderdown, although they are not quite as warm. A 7 × 7-foot 10-ounce canvas will make an excellent bedcover to be placed next to the ground, and it is also useful as a pack cover. In the pine forest pine-needles, raked up before building the fire and with the cones removed, will make a wonderful bed.

In addition to their desire to help, the State Foresters realize that besides its health values this camping movement is likely to have a profound effect on National economic policy. We have been exhausting our timber supply. Every one knows about it, every one believes that forestry is a good thing, but it has been a political issue of so minor interest as to command little attention. As the average man develops the camping habit, comes to know the Forest Reserves, forestry will become part of his life. He will meet the officials or their deputies, learn some of the problems, and have the same interest that he has in his home and his town. We may then see the time when conservation will receive the same intent attention as the income tax.

THE MOUTHFUL

A Folk Tale from the Azores

BY ELSIE SPICER EELLS

Once upon a time in one of the islands of the Azores there was a poor woman who lived a most unhappy life. She and her husband were always quarreling. Every day when he came home from work he was cross and said harsh words to her. She always responded with bitter words, and things would go from bad to worse until at last he would beat her.

One day the woman took her water-jar and went to the fountain to fill it as usual. She was so unhappy over her unpleasant life that great tears were rolling down her cheeks. There was a little old woman standing by the fountain.

"What is the matter, my daughter?" she asked as she saw the tears upon the poor woman's cheeks.

When she had heard all the story, the little old woman took the water-jar and filled it at the fountain.

"Go home, my daughter," said she. "Keep this water in the jar. Preserve it carefully. The moment your husband says a cross word to you fill your mouth with a drink of it."

The woman thanked her gratefully, and went to her own home.

The next day when her husband returned from work he began to scold her as usual. She was about to reply when she suddenly remembered the old woman's advice. She ran to the water-jar and filled her mouth with a drink of water. To her great amazement, her husband soon stopped scolding. That night, for the first time in many weeks, she went to sleep without a beating.

Things kept on going well for several days. Just as soon as her husband said unpleasant things she would fill her mouth with water from the jar. Then he would get over being cross. Now there were smiles instead of tears upon the woman's face.

At last, however, the water-jar grew empty. Once more the woman took it to the fountain, hoping that she might again find the little old woman who had given her the magic water. She found her waiting at the fountain.

"How did my prescription succeed, dear daughter?" asked the little old woman.

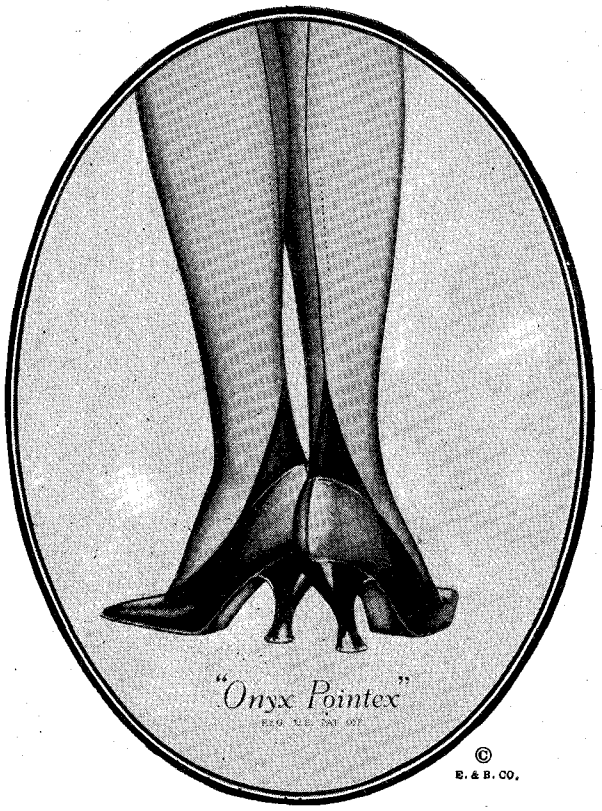
"How can I ever thank you for all that you have done for me? Now I am happy once more. My husband no longer beats me. I did not dream that my life could ever be so full of joy. Give me, I pray you, more of the magic water."

The little old woman smiled gently.

"Dear daughter," said she, "the water which I put in your jar is nothing except this from the fountain. It is the very same which you always carry home. This is the secret: When your mouth is full of water, you cannot reply when your husband says cross words to you. If you do not keep up the quarrel, it soon ends. That is why your life is happy now instead of sad. Go home, and whenever your husband says an unkind word to you pretend that your mouth is full of water and do not reply. Go in peace, my child."

The woman always remembered the good advice which the little old woman gave her at the fountain. She never again quarreled with her husband. When she had children of her own, she passed on to them the secret. Now it is generally known in the islands that if one does not want to keep up a quarrel it is well to pretend that his mouth is full of water. This is the reason, perhaps, why the people of the Azores are so peaceful and happy.

"Onyx" Hosiery



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SHALL AMERICA CANCEL HER FOREIGN DEBTS?[1]

BY THOMAS B. McADAMS

President of the American Bankers Association and Vice-President of the Merchants National Bank of Richmond, Virginia

EVERY day the call comes more clearly for America to assist in working out the great economic and social problems now confronting the peoples of the earth, those complicated questions of internal and international relations upon the solution of which the future of the world's civilization definitely rests. When liberty, which has ever been the inspiration of America, and those principles underlying the right of huma beings to have a voice in their own government seemed i jeopardy, our answer was given in no uncertain terms and w spared neither men nor money in stemming the tide whi tended to establish the rule of force rather than justice as th controlling factor in civilization. The question confronts u to-day whether we may not delay co-operation so long as lose largely the effect of the part played by this country winning the greatest conflict of the ages—a victory, as we b

[1] The substance of an address delivered by Mr. McAdams before the Convention of the Illinois Bankers Association in St. Louis, Missouri, June 23, 1922.

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lieve, definitely recorded on the side of right and truth. The sacrifices already made and the contributions which future generations will be called on to make in liquidating the heavy burden of debt cheerfully assumed by our people should appeal to us—even though we be callous to the humanitarian call of service to others—to prepare to take our part in readjusting world problems on a basis which will insure the incorporation in such solution as may be agreed upon of the principles and ideals we have always been accustomed to regard as dearer than life itself.

What is our present responsibility? Since the armistice we have made two definite contributions—the limitation of the naval armaments of the leading nations, which inevitably means more expenditures for constructive measures and less for destructive machinery, and the great volume of relief afforded the starving and suffering in different sections of devastated and disorganized Europe. But are we prepared to say that, having done so much, our duty is definitely discharged? Are we fearful that through participation in an economic conference we should be called upon to cancel the $11,000,000,000 of foreign debts? If this be the reason, it can easily be handled. We do not have to cancel these debts, and such a policy at this time would be a bad thing for debtor and creditor alike. We can follow safely, however, the same policy which would be adopted by a banker under a condition where he found a valued and honest customer of long standing temporarily embarrassed. Under such circumstances, the banker would not stand aside and take no interest in whether the customer improved his condition or went further on the road toward bankruptcy. He would first tell the client he would give him more time, such time as the situation might demand, and then by the organization of a creditors' committee or otherwise give him the benefit of his counsel, his sympathy, his co-operation. This method has been pursued in hundreds of cases in America in the recent past, and splendid old concerns, temporarily on the rocks, have thus been enabled to readjust their budgets, remodel their organizations, and with renewed hope push forward again toward prosperity. Why cannot America, with propriety, aggressively apply the same principles of co-operative helpfulness toward assisting those who are indebted to us to work out their own salvation and ultimately, at some mutually convenient day, liquidate their indebtedness to us? Forgiving a debt rarely cements a friendship; making the terms of payment easy but ultimately insisting upon payment increases the mutual respect of creditor and debtor and makes for stability of character. Mr. D. R. Forgan, of Chicago, has pointed out that no one can see far enough into the future to tell whether or not at the end of another quarter of a century the situation may be reversed and America find herself, after some great upheaval, financially in

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

debt to the world. We would certainly not then wish to request the cancellation of such indebtedness, and the sensible course to pursue would seem to be the keeping these obligations intact against a rainy day—not simply for their monetary value, but for the increased influence this country may exert in the readjustment of world conditions, the rebuilding of world prosperity.

We may have been justified in not going into the League of Nations, but we must recognize that in our refusal we assumed a definite responsibility, should failure result, and it can be fairly attributed to Europe and the world's not receiving the benefit of our assistance, interest, and advice. A weary world has done its best to create a piece of machinery, with all its imperfections, to help stop aggression and the ruthless destruction of property and lives through warfare, to build up a spirit of co-operation among nations, and to substitute sympathy for jealousy in international relations. While undoubtedly approving of the end to be attained, we have refused to even give the machinery created our sympathy and co-operation, and have apparently preferred to believe it can accomplish nothing for humanity, although we have admitted our inability to suggest a better plan or even such modifications of the existing one as would justify our whole-heartedly standing side by side with the other nations in their efforts to insure human happiness as contrasted with despair. Though true it is that reservations were proposed as a basis for the ratification of the Treaty, yet, although the war has been over for nearly four years, America's record as a nation is still one of inaction either with or without modification of the original proposal. Our failure to participate more actively has perhaps been stimulated by the strength of our financial position and the fear that we would be expected to assume the entire responsibility of backing such plans as might be agreed upon; while it has been suggested that budgets should be balanced and foreign obligations to us put in definite form before we could, with propriety, even confer on economic subjects of mutual interest. Perhaps we have been wise so far, but unless we wish to jeopardize everything for which we fought and suffered the time has now come, or will soon be here, when our policy should be more definitely outlined. We cannot through inaction escape either our responsibility or our opportunity. We cannot ignore either the commercial or the humanitarian side of the question. The world needs our advice, our intelligence, our sympathetic guidance; and the very fact that we are separated geographically and have no selfish international ties or ambitions gives us the privilege to speak with the assurance that we will be listened to and affords us the opportunity to render a more substantial service of leadership than can be performed by any of the other great peoples of the world. Does our being rich justify us in hoarding our resources, like a miser in the midst of a community sorely needing his assistance for a proper development of its activities, both commercial and eleemosynary? Does the fact that we are strong justify us in refusing to use our power in bringing order out of chaos, and will not National laziness be as destructive of the National structure as does human inertia result in destroying real manhood? We cannot answer these questions by simply reiterating the statements of George Washington as to entangling alliances. He was unquestionably right at the time and under the conditions this policy was promulgated for the guidance of the Nation still in swaddling clothes, but no doubt such observations as he would have made as to transportation or the most effective method of lighting a home would be no more completely out of date.

Whether we like it or not, the improvement in transportation and the development of the telephone, telegraph, radio, and the other marvelous inventions of the last century have definitely brought us into close contact with the world, established a mutual interest in the commercial welfare of each other that is essential to progress, and so tied us together as to make our successes and failures largely dependent upon world conditions—world ideals. If this be true, our future commercially challenges us not to throw away our opportunity for suggestive leadership; our progress at home and abroad calls us to see that the principles of consideration for the rights of others be incorporated as an international policy; while the manhood and womanhood of nations large and small—those that have lost everything but hope—cry out to us to contribute something of our time, our ability, our selves, that so far as is humanly possible suffering and desolation may not again be inflicted upon great masses of people simply because the ambition of some ruthless ruler wills that it be so. Can we fail to hear this appeal? Will we much longer stay idly in the background of comfortable surroundings, or will we manfully put on the armor of righteousness and go forward to battle in behalf of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

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BY THE WAY

ARTHUR BALFOUR, while at a dinner during his visit to Washington, praised the colored people. "I visited Washington a good many years ago," he said. "All the hotel waiters were colored then, and I confess I preferred the quaint colored service to the present sophisticated and elaborate service of the whites.

"The day of my arrival, when my waiter, an old colored man with snowy wool, brought me the menu, I put a coin in his hand and said, 'Just bring me a good dinner, uncle.'

"He brought me an exquisite dinner, and during my fortnight's stay we followed out this programme daily. By pushing aside the menu and handing him the coin, he selected a much better dinner for me than I could have chosen myself.

"The day of my departure, as I took leave of him, he said,

"'Good-by, sir, and good luck, and when you or any of your friends what can't read the bill of fare comes to Washington, just ask for old Calhoun Clay.'"

From the "Minnesota Star:"

"Golf not only improves your general health, but enables you to understand the jokes in the comic weeklies."

From "Kasper," of Stockholm:

Apothecary's Apprentice—"What is in this bottle with no label?"

Chemist—"That's what you use when you can't read the prescription."

American shipping was rarely seen in Hamburg before the war, but it now occupies third place in the tonnage of the port, according to a statement in a nautical magazine. Hamburg was once the world's greatest port as to amount of tonnage. Last year it had recovered its status to the extent that its tonnage amounted to about sixty per cent of that in 1913. In this tonnage British shipping occupied the first place, German the second, and American the third.

In Poland there was a period following the war when over a million subnormal children received daily one substantial, warm, carefully balanced meal of American food. Poland is now getting on its feet again, and the children of that country have forwarded to the children of the United States, as a testimonial of their gratitude, a huge quantity of souvenir toys, which are to be distributed among invalid, crippled, and orphaned children here by the American Relief Administration. These souvenirs were made by Polish children with their own hands, as a labor of love. They filled eighty-eight enormous cases when shipped to America.

Newspapers in India, a correspondent of the "American Printer" says, are mostly printed in English by natives, who, though knowing little of any language but their own, are marvelously adroit in setting up "copy" the white man reads to them line by line. The white man has his troubles with the natives, however. They are strong competitors. "Every half-caste who wishes to lead a peaceful life purchases a second-hand press. Thus armed, he enters the fray without knowing anything about the business. The native proprietor of a job press is another competitor. There also is the Parsee printer, the persistent Japanese, the plodding and watchful Chinese. The manager must do everything from correcting proofs to overhauling the engine. All advertisers expect an editorial puff—if the editor objects, out he goes, for, say many proprietors, 'advertisements are to a newspaper as the very breath of life; editors are not.'" There are also countless vernacular sheets in India, many being printed in secret dens on an old-fashioned screw press.

In boyhood reminiscences of New England life James L. Ford tells in "Scribner's" of his experiences at a Friday evening prayer-meeting long ago in his native village. "On this occasion," he says, "I witnessed two elderly rustics engaged in their favorite pastime of praying at one another. One of these interlarded his supplication with: 'And if they be enny one of us here ez hez been a leettle mite sharp on a hoss trade, we ask the Divine forgiveness for their sin.' When the other man's turn came, I heard a nasal voice saying: 'And if they be enny of us pore sinful critters ez hez burned down their barns for the insurance money, we hope they will find forgiveness and grace.'"

The little Abbey of Buckfast was a Cistercian house destroyed by Henry VIII, Edward Hutton says in the London "Sphere." "I imagine," he goes on, "had any one thought of the matter during the last four hundred years he would have regarded it as dead as mutton, the last place in the world to experience a resurrection. Well, it is rising again. It is risen. With their own hands the monks have actually rebuilt it larger and greater than ever it was. They have erected an enormous church, with a huge central tower containing fourteen bells, one of which weighs two tons. They have built a noble monastery, a cloister is about to be erected, and in August the great new church will be dedicated. The bees—the monks live by their bees—should swarm finely this year."

"Tram conductors in Prague," "Punch" remarks, "salute passengers as they alight by saying, 'We have been honored by your presence.' In London the abbreviated version of this courtesy is 'Push off.'" And on the New York subways, "Wash step!"

Paris, according to the New York "Evening Post," is trying to devise a plan to distinguish waiters from guests. An infallible sign, the "Post" says, is that if you are utterly unable to catch a man's eye, he is a waiter.

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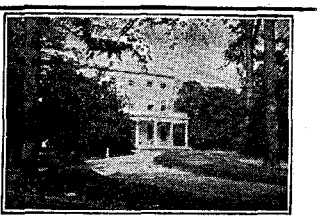

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